

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXVII. }

No. 1838. — September 6, 1879.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXLII. }

## CONTENTS.

I. THE WORKS OF REMBRANDT, . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . .	579
II. SARAH DE BERENGER. By Jean Ingelow. Part XIII., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . .	602
III. SOME FACTS AND THOUGHTS ABOUT LIGHT- EMITTING ANIMALS. By Professor P. Mar- tin Duncan, M. B. Lond., F.R.S., etc. . . .	<i>Popular Science Review,</i> . . . .	610
IV. PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO BOULOGNE, AUGUST, 1840. An Original Narrative. By Joseph Orsi, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . .	620
V. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc. Part XXI., . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . .	632
POETRY.		
THE PLEA OF THE MUTE, . . . .	578   UNHOPED DELIGHT, . . . .	578
THE BUSY "B's," . . . .	578	
MISCELLANY, . . . .		640

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## THE PLEA OF THE MUTE.

[Air: "Ochone, Widow Machree!"]

DOCTOR MAGEE, would ye murder and drown?  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Faith, it doesn't agree wid your clerical gown,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Plaze, alter your tone,  
 And just lave us alone;  
 'Tis the heart of a stone  
 In your bosom must be:  
 Are ye growing as hard  
 As Paul Bert and Bernard?  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Doctor Magee, it's the summer won't come,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 While the brutes that can talk, torture those  
 that are dumb,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Sure the dog and the hare  
 Are worth somebody's care,  
 And the birds of the air  
 Have their feelings, ye see;  
 And the mute little fish,  
 Tho' they can't spake, they wish:  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Doctor Magee, it's at home we'd begin,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Ere we'd be rebuking mankind for its sin,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Just remember who said  
 That the hairs of your head  
 Are all counted in bed,  
 When in comfort ye'd be;  
 But He cares, I've heard tell,  
 For the sparrows as well:  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!

And how do you know, that's for leading the  
 blind,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 That ye're free to torment for the good of  
 mankind?  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 "Och, what's in a name?"  
 Says you; "it's the same,  
 As killing my game  
 For my dinner or tea:"  
 It's yourself knows—that's flat—  
 Better logic than that:  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!

Then, take our advice, Mr. Bishop Magee,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 And do by dumb bastes as it's done by ye'd  
 be,  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 A fine mess ye've made  
 Of your manliness-trade;  
 Bishop's shouldn't parade  
 Science notions, ye see:  
 Sure, the flock that ye tache  
 Won't forget your last spache.  
 Ochone, Doctor Magee!  
 Spectator.

H. C. M.

## THE BUSY "B'S."

[“Un journal de Londres, le *World*, annonce que  
 Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt a reçu la commande d'un  
 buste de Lord Beaconsfield.” — *Figaro*.]

[Air: “The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls.”]

THE art that once from Sara’s hands  
 A glorious radiance shed,  
 Now flies with her to other lands,  
 And leaves us cold and dead.

Yet, maiden, ere the glowing West  
 Thy fitting palace be,  
 Bestow on those thou once hast blest,  
 A memory of thee.

To thee the chisel, buskin, brush,  
 Alike their secrets yield;  
 Oh, bid ungrateful Europe blush,  
 By moulding Beaconsfield!

Dear goddess of the sister arts,  
 Where all their cunning blends,  
 Whose gentle hand, by fits and starts,  
 To each, enchantment lends;

That hand alone, thou peerless girl,  
 Can shape that mystic brow;  
 Thine only model is the earl,  
 His only sculptor, thou!

But, ere thine art new lustre throw  
 Around his curly pride, —  
 Which wants but little here below,  
 Already deified, —

Since his variety is such,  
 That thou, too, must adore,  
 Make both, by one delightful touch,  
 Immortal evermore.

Save one, all glories are beneath  
 Our modern Machiavel;  
 So mould him with the Nessus-wreath  
 Of Tracy Turnerel.

Spectator.

H. C. M.

## UNHOPED DELIGHT.

I CHOSE the fairest nook of garden soil,  
 And covered warm within its natal bed  
 The seed, wherefrom, with dew and sunlight  
 fed,

I hoped should rise the offspring of my toil,  
 My promised flower, my golden cinquefoil.  
 But when the soft green leaflets upward spread,  
 The shoot that should have borne the queenly  
 head

Shrank, nipped and brown, the frost's un-  
 timely spoil.

Long hours I wept, and made my passionate  
 moan,

Till morn came trembling through the tearful  
 night,

And lo! a peerless lily rosy-white,  
 A flower of God by some bird-angel sown,  
 Beside my perished dream of joy had grown,  
 To give for hope foregone unhopéd delight.

Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE WORKS OF REMBRANDT.\*

REMBRANDT is to many minds the most interesting of modern painters. We say of modern painters, because his work, with that of his fellow-countrymen in the same age, reflects for the first time in the history of art a state of mind which is essentially akin to our own.

It was the destiny of the Dutch people to open the modern era of history by victoriously asserting and illustrating the principle of human freedom at once in the spheres of government and society, of thought and of art. To the generation whose desperate resolution and tenacity in war had established the liberties of their country against the strength and the fanaticism of Spain, succeeded generations whose task it was to exhibit to the world fruits worthy of those liberties. The result fairly corresponded to the effort that had preceded it. Throughout the seventeenth century—at least from 1609, the year when the independence of the Dutch provinces was recognized in the armistice signed with Spain, to 1672, the year when a failure of vigilance, if not of valor, allowed Louis XIV. to overrun the southern frontier—throughout this period the place of honor in European history belongs unquestionably to Holland. First among the nations in naval strength and in commercial and colonial enterprise, first in industry and energy, unsurpassed in statecraft, alone in the self-respecting equality of her citizens, alone in honorable hospitality to

exiles, alone in tolerant and assiduous love of learning and letters—no element of sober, dignified, and practical greatness seems wanting to make the nation admirable.

It is a somewhat commonplace reflection, to which M. Fromentin, in the book quoted at the foot of these pages, succeeds nevertheless in giving a striking turn, that not all the heroism nor all the wisdom of Holland in her great age has earned for her from after generations so much attention, so much affection, so many pilgrimages, as the skill and diligence of a few score of her artificers, some of them famous in their own day, the greater number obscure, and not a few who died in the depth of penury and neglect. A solitary like Ruysdael, a roysterer like Jan Steen, is familiar, in the very trick of his thought, touch, character, to thousands to-day to whom the strategy and the constancy of a William or a Maurice, the policy of a Heinsius, the prowess of a Tromp or a Ruyter, the learning of a Grotius,—even the wisdom of a Spinoza or the inspiration of a Vondel,—are but names and the shadows of names. In the enthusiastic criticisms of W. Bürger, in the fluent narratives and prefaces of M. Charles Blanc, in the lucid and effective generalisations of M. Taine above all, it has been set forth how the greatness of the Dutch school coincides in date with the emancipation of the Dutch people, and how the same temper animates their politics and their painting. Nearly all the chief men of the school were born in the years immediately before or after 1609, which was the year of the armistice signed between Spain and her revolted provinces. With their first breath they thus drew the spirit of independence; and independence, originality, the spontaneous rejection of tradition and authority, is the common characteristic of their work.

It is not often that the progress of art really reflects, in this close and obvious way, the progress of historical events; but the reality of the connection between the two seems proved, in the case before us, by a comparison of what took place in the Dutch provinces with what took place in the sister provinces of Flanders. While

\* 1. *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays-Bas.* Par H. TAINÉ. Paris: 1869.

2. *Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art.* Par ATH. COQUEREL fils. Paris: 1875.

3. *L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt décrit et commenté par* CH. BLANC. Two vols. Paris.

4. *Rembrandt, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par C. VOSMAER. Second edition. Hague: 1877.

5. *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique—Hollande.* Par EUG. FROMENTIN. Third edition. Paris: 1877.

6. *The Etched Work of Rembrandt.* A Monograph. By FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, F.R.C.S. London: 1879.

7. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt van Rijn.* By CHARLES HENRY MIDDLETON, B.A. London: 1878.

8. *Kunst und Künstler.* Herausgegeben von ROBERT DÖHME. *Rembrandt van Rijn.* Von C. LEMCKE. Leipzig: 1878.

9. *The Great Artists: Rembrandt.* From the text of C. VOSMAER. By J. W. MORLETT, B.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. London: 1879.

Holland had made herself Protestant and free, Flanders had allowed herself to be forced back into allegiance to Spain and to the Church. Up to this time Dutch and Flemish art had been to all intents and purposes one; but henceforth they were one no longer. Flemish art presently underwent, in the hands of Rubens and his school, a great and dazzling revival, but a revival along traditional paths, a revival of which the inspiration and the character were ecclesiastical, ceremonial, courtly. What happened a few years afterwards in the Dutch school, on the other hand, was in no sense a revival at all: it was a new departure. In a community which had broken with Catholic tradition and with feudal forms, there was no longer any demand for an art which should continue to run in the traditional grooves. In such a community, men must choose either not to paint at all, or else to paint on new principles. The Dutchmen chose the latter course. They painted with greater activity than ever; but they painted not for the Church nor for princes, but for their own homes; and we all know in what manner.

The breach with precedent was complete. Precedent directed the painter to occupy himself almost exclusively with themes of another world — the precedent of the Middle Age, with themes of Christian devotion — the precedent of the Renaissance, with themes of Christian devotion and of pagan poetry together. Under either rule, the artist had hitherto devoted nine-tenths of his powers to representing the best only of the things he saw, and those not for their own sake, but in order to shadow forth other and still better things of which the Church or the poets told him. But now, by a sudden shifting of interest, he begins, in Holland, to occupy himself almost exclusively with the themes of this world. He takes all facts as they come, and takes them simply as they are, for the sake of their humanity, their reality, their variety, and of the part they play not in his hopes or imaginations concerning another world, but in his observations and experiences in this.

Of the new generation of Dutch painters, one division go out, among timbered

lanes or windy dunes, or by sunlit water-meadows or frozen meres, to study and report the effects and qualities of their native scenery and native atmosphere. Another division interest themselves most, not in the landscape itself, but in the pastoral life which peoples it: their choice is to study and exhibit the groups of cattle, the sheep and shepherds, the peasants at rest or labor. Other divisions find their interest indoors; some in the company of harlots and tatterdemalions, some in that of silken dames and gallants. Others love to exhibit the gestures of those who chaffer over the variegated wares of the fruit-stall or the fish-market. Others, again, delight in these wares by themselves, and find materials for their pictures in nothing else but fruits and fishes, and dead game furred or feathered. Others apply themselves to portraiture; but this in itself is nothing new. In the old days when the Church and the poets between them had monopolized nine-tenths of art, the one-tenth not so monopolized was already taken up with portrait. What the Dutch school did with this branch of art was to give it a new extension and a new importance by painting groups of many figures in combination, not, according to a common practice of the Florentine and the Venetian schools, under the disguise of actors or bystanders in some great religious or mythologic scene, but in their natural characters and habiliments as they lived. Such groups of civic or military personages — magistrates, officers of corporations, officers of trained bands, members of commercial tribunals and the rest — are among the most powerful and most characteristic creations of Dutch art. And they are the only class of its creations which have never found their way out of their native country, but impose an unavoidable pilgrimage upon the foreigner who seeks to be acquainted with them.

The art of Holland, indeed, at the date of which we speak, has sometimes been described as an art of universal portraiture. It has been said that the Dutch school effected the revolution of painting by simply applying to everything the same literal and straightforward principles which hitherto had been only applied to the fea-



tures of men and women that it was desired to leave to posterity. But this is only another way of saying that in the hands of this school art, from being sacerdotal, aristocratic, monotonously subservient to a fixed ideal, becomes for the first time secular, popular, human, variously natural and free.

Such as it thus first became in the seventeenth century, such in principle, with intervals of exception and reaction, has the art of painting remained ever since. And such, from the very nature of the modern world, it must in the main no doubt continue. But there is a set-off against the merit of that great and spontaneous achievement by virtue of which the Dutch painters of this age take their place as leaders and pioneers of modern art. Leaving Rembrandt, who is at once a typical master and a great exception in the school, for the moment out of sight, and taking the rest of the school as a whole, its weak point is this, that it fails to afford to contemplation delight of the same degree as is afforded by the works of the older and traditional schools. There are minds, we are aware, incapable of taking much pleasure in the ardent and solemn imaginations which make up the world of old Italian art, yet quite capable of taking pleasure in the sincere and faultlessly expressed realities which make up the world of ordinary Dutch art. But to minds capable of taking a sensitive and discriminating pleasure in the work of both schools, there can be no kind of question which pleasure is the more intense. Nor is this because the work of the Italian schools is the better done. Perhaps, indeed, the combination of technical powers put forth upon the monumental undertakings of Italian art, in the perfection of the crowning age, was greater than any combination of technical powers put forth upon the homelier performances of Holland. But, on the other hand, much of the still immature work of Italy, which certainly delights us not the least, is, strictly speaking, not nearly so well done as the Dutch work. One of the surprising features of the new art in Holland is that it is so evenly, so signally, so universally well done. Every important Dutch painter of the seven-

teenth century (we again postpone the consideration of Rembrandt) is at all moments perfectly sure of his hand; perfectly well instructed as to his means, which are so precise and sound that the result seems beyond the attacks of time; perfectly efficient in the solution of all the problems to which he applies himself. Whatever the materials before him, and however minutely he transcribes them, he knows how to harmonize his work into a just and agreeable result; he knows inimitably well how to draw and place objects and figures in space, and how to give them their exact force and value among their surroundings; how to express the subtlest relations of near and far, to give to things on earth their due degrees of solidity, and to clouds their perspective, their lightness, their remoteness; how to play with the contrasts of open or imprisoned daylight in public place or garden, in courtyard or chamber, in corridor or alcove; how to realize the very structure and substance of humanity beneath garments which serve not less to express the life of the frame within, than to reflect and take their part in the life of the atmosphere without.

In spite of all these and a hundred other secrets, which the ordinary Dutchman of the seventeenth century possesses and practises to admiration, why is it that his work leaves us cold in comparison with any fragment from the churches or palace walls of Italy in her great ages? The only answer is that the elements with which painting must work, the appearances which it must in some mode or another represent and combine, in order to give us the most intense pleasure we are capable of receiving from it, are, and must surely forever be, those of bodily symmetry, distinction, grace, of facial sweetness, expressiveness, power, with beauty of costume and environment, and poetry of skies and landscape. All these elements we are accustomed to find the work of the Italian schools, even when it was least mature, exhibiting or striving to exhibit. Some of the same elements, in various degrees and admixtures, have entered into the work of one and another of the modern schools. But the founders of modern art, the Dutch painters of the seventeenth cen-

tury, hardly show any feeling for such elements at all. Their physical types are, at least, types of a plain and self-respecting gravity, at worst, types of ribald deformity or sensual abjectness. Their dress and scenery have no more than the picturesqueness, sometimes of domestic opulence, sometimes of pothouse disorder. Their landscape is perfectly harmonious and justly felt within its special range of light and color; but that range is narrow, and the Dutch landscape painters as a rule avoid such occasions of splendor, poetry, and deeper imaginative suggestion as even the quiet scenery of their country might have afforded. A man like Everdingen, indeed, imported into Dutch art some sense of the poetry of mountain and forest gloom, and Everdingen found in Jakob Ruysdael a follower of greater power, originality, and penetration than himself. And men like Both, or again Dujardin, imported some of the poetry of classic sentiment from Italy. But, making all due allowance for exceptional tendencies, it is true of the Dutch painters in general that they do not speak to our finer emotions. They apply the most delicate perceptions, the truest pictorial instinct, the most skilful handling, often to an unrejoicing, and sometimes to a revolting, order of facts. In a word, the faults of this school, in many respects so exemplary, are the faults of spiritual commonness and of prose.

But commonness, prose, the absence of charm and distinction, are qualities of northern art by no means new in the seventeenth century. M. Taine has explained, in his decisive way, how physical coarseness, the absence of bodily symmetry and grace, are the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern races of Europe, and atmospheric gloom, the absence of sustained light and radiance, the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern climate; and how the differences between northern and southern art are the permanent and inevitable result of these conditions. M. Taine's great talent, we had almost said his genius, consists in thus bringing out clear and convincing relations between distinct orders of facts; but usually, and here not least, he is obliged to simplify and to overstate both orders of facts for his purpose. Certain, nevertheless, it is that northern art had always suffered in some shape or another from an inveterate inability to realize any high conception of human breeding or beauty. Flemish painting under the Gothic and religious rule, from the Van Eycks to Memling, had in

part made up for this shortcoming by the expression of strength with devotion in men, and of mildness with devotion in women, by an unexampled force and splendor in the color and finish of costumes, jewellery, armor, and by a landscape primitive indeed, but of much loveliness both in sentiment and detail. German art, in the hands of Dürer and his contemporaries, had in like manner made partial amends for want of beauty by a still greater character of strength, of rugged sincerity, penetration, and conviction, and by a somewhat kindred, though inferior, care and splendor of color and detail. But the bane of both schools, though much more of the German, had been that overmastering tendency towards the characters of commonness, uncouthness, physical disproportion, imperfection, and grimace.

Under the rule of the Renaissance, this tendency of the northern schools took another turn. We find flocks of artists making their way from the north to Italy, sitting at the feet of the great masters of Venice or of Rome, imbuing themselves enthusiastically with the principles of the antique, and returning to propagate those principles at home; and all to no purpose, or worse than none. The work of the painters of the Netherlands through the greater part of the sixteenth century, from the days of Mabuse and Schoorel to the days of Bloemaert and Poelemburg, exhibits a perpetual struggle between ambition and natural endowment. A Heemskerck, a Goltzius, a Cornelissen, these and a score of other would-be masters of the classic style, have left to posterity a depressing spectacle in their lumbering, their sprawling parodies of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or the Venetians. They wished to carry on the great tradition according to which the perfected and ideal physical frame of man had been the one worthy theme of art. They hoped to add another chapter to that which M. Taine, to quote him once more, calls the great poem of the naked and heroic human body. So much effort and so much enthusiasm were never perhaps so pitifully wasted. No set of men ever tried so hard to be eloquent in a language which they were not born to utter. They forfeited the native virtue of veracity without acquiring the foreign graces after which they strove.

It was a good day for northern art when the genius of Rubens for the first time transmuted into something unchastened, indeed, and exuberant, but still living, impetuous, and masterly, the official sancti-

ties and mythologies of the Italianized schools of Flanders, which until his day had been so clumsy, cold, and pretentious. It was a still better day when the painters of the liberated Dutch provinces, in the manner we have seen, gave up those sanctities and mythologies altogether. Commonness and prose, where they are vices in the blood, are best not paraded in the attempt to perform achievements to which commonness and prose are fatal. The Dutchmen showed knowledge of themselves, as well as of the new conditions under which they lived, when at the close of the sixteenth century they spontaneously forsook high art, and took with one consent to painting pictures of daily life and nature. By so doing they not only secured to themselves a success which in its own homely and unimaginative way was immediate and complete; they threw a whole world open to the experiments of the modern spirit. They were not, the majority of them, men of a stamp themselves to solve what is, we can now see, the great problem of modern art—the problem how to combine the new spirit of freedom and naturalism with the old spirit of intensity and ardor, the old power in appealing to the emotions. But one man among them, at least, of such a stamp there was, and that man was Rembrandt.

In saying that Rembrandt was at once a great type and a great exception among the artists of his race, what we meant was this. He is the most Dutch of all Dutchmen in his incapacity for conceiving physical beauty and distinction, or realizing combinations of linear grace. So he is in his rejection of authority; in his defiance of convention; in his acceptance of the crudest facts; so that he will exhibit a mother attending to the most pitiful necessities of her child, and call her Mary, a boy humiliated in abject bodily terror, and call him Ganymede. But at the same time he is like no other Dutchman in that his scenes, for all their crudity, are never common, and his mode of expression, however blunt, never produces the impression of prose. Beautiful his work is not, but it invariably arrests and haunts. There is about it at once a simplicity and a strangeness, an air of reality and a mystery, a combination of the poignantly human with the unaccountably fantastic, a force, a penetration, a personality and intensity, which together appeal to the beholder with a power comparable in degree, if not in kind, to the power of the appeal made by any of the greatest masters of other schools. Every one is struck by Rembrandt. Every

one feels that he is a poet and a magician, and a poet and a magician of a new kind. In recent years he has become the object of a renewed study and a redoubled enthusiasm. A political revolutionist like Proudhon has hailed him as the prophet of a new era, as the first painter fired by the spirit of democracy and bearing witness to the claims of the outcast and the miserable to human brotherhood. M. Charles Blanc, the veteran French critic, who has given so much of his life to illustrating and making known in various forms the genius of this master, puts a similar claim in a somewhat paradoxical shape, considering the impressive antecedents of Christian art, when he says that Rembrandt is, in the true sense of Christianity, the first and only Christian painter. M. Athanase Coquerel, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, in his double capacity of Protestant pastor and cultivated lover of the fine arts, has dwelt on the religious and intellectual significance of Rembrandt's work from a specially Protestant point of view; treating it as a great example of the efficacy, in art as in other things, of the principle of individualism, of dissent, of personal conviction and construction. Among painters and critics of painting, the apostles of what is called realism, who aver that it is no part of art's business to represent things as the least better than they are, have proclaimed Rembrandt their founder and patron. Many distinguished artists, such as M. Flameng in France and Professor Unger in Germany, have helped to make known by engraving the pictures of the master scattered among various private and public galleries; to whom should be added, in a second line, the Russian amateur, M. Massaloff, who especially deserves thanks for a set of etchings from the forty works which are out of reach of the ordinary student at St. Petersburg. Students and men of letters of many countries have devoted themselves to interpreting the master's genius, to ransacking the documents of his history, to exploding the errors of their predecessors. The productions of his hand with brush or needle have been catalogued and recatalogued. In right of the power and attraction of his double work, as the most original of painters and the most masterly of etchers, his place is fixed by common consent among the eight or ten foremost artists of the world. His country acknowledges him, not perhaps as her most memorable, but as her most living and best-remembered name.

The books which we have named for

reference at the head of this article are only a few out of the number of which Rembrandt has in quite recent years been the occasion. We have omitted those in which W. Bürger (Thoré), the most devoted of Rembrandt enthusiasts, published the notes and expositions intended to form the basis of a complete treatise which he did not live to finish. Of M. Charles Blanc's repeated Rembrandt publications, we only include the smaller edition of his two-volume catalogue, illustrated and introduced by a brief memoir, of the etchings. The standard and indispensable biography of the master is now the second edition of the work of his countryman, M. Vosmaer, written, fortunately for the general student, in French, and setting forth in a convenient form all that recent researches have brought to light concerning the life and fortunes of Rembrandt, his family, friends, and pupils. Two catalogues, one chronological and the other systematic, both necessarily subject to future correction, complete the work of M. Vosmaer, whose strength, it should be said, lies rather in devotion to his subject, and in the accurate collection and exposition of facts, than in special penetration or balance of critical judgment. For these latter qualities, as well as for the charm of a French style of singular flexibility, individuality, and force, the work of the painter and critic lately dead, M. Fromentin, is quite without a competitor in our list. M. Fromentin, in recording the impressions of a tour in Belgium and Holland, discusses, amongst the works of other masters, only a small number of those of Rembrandt. But these are among the most important, and are treated by M. Fromentin with a fullness, a point, a convincing impartiality and insight, which fairly place his work among the classics of criticism. From the misunderstandings and irrelevancies to which the ordinary literary critic is subject, M. Fromentin was saved by his technical knowledge and experience as a painter; from the inarticulateness of the ordinary painter, by his exceptional gift for letters. Neither is his criticism, like that of most artists when they are not what we have called inarticulate, but have the power of putting words to their meaning, made one-sided by the force of his own personal artistic instincts and prepossessions. Probably no more just and searching analysis of a picture was ever written than that by which M. Fromentin has sought to redress the verdict of somewhat inconsiderate enthusiasm which has been generally adopted in the case of Rembrandt's largest,

but not greatest, work — the famous so-called "Night-Watch" of Amsterdam.

After France and Holland comes our own country. English students have in the last few years had exceptional opportunities of studying certain aspects of the master's genius. The exhibition held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club two years ago brought together a collection, such as had certainly never been brought together before, of the choicest examples of his engraved work from the private cabinets of this country and of France. At the Grosvenor Gallery last winter a collection of some sixty original drawings illustrated the mastery over human actions and expressions, the mastery over landscape relations and effects, which his hand was accustomed to assert in those intimate notes in which he would scrawl down, with a touch so seeming-careless but so unerring, the hints, suggestions, observations, destined to be worked out hereafter. The National Gallery possesses a choice of excellent examples of Rembrandt's painting in his various periods and manners (we do not count the interesting and much-debated "Christ blessing Little Children," from the Suermondt Collection, which, however hard it may be to assign among the pupils of the master, we hold to be certainly not his own). All that the Rembrandt student in England has now to desire is that the Royal Academy should seek to secure the co-operation of the private owners of pictures throughout the country, in order to furnish yearly exhibitions, not, as they have been furnished heretofore, of all sorts of old masters miscellaneous, but of single masters or groups of masters successively; and that one such yearly exhibition should consist of the works of Rembrandt and his school.

In connection with the exhibition of etchings in 1877, an amateur well known for his able practical work in that branch of art — we mean Mr. Seymour Haden — wrote a preface to the exhibition catalogue, in which he put forward certain views which had been already the subject of discussion among students, but had not till then appeared in print. The point of these views lies in this. Among the etchings, both signed and unsigned, usually attributed to Rembrandt in his earlier time, between the years 1628 and 1638 or thereabouts, are many, including some of the most important, of which the work is different from and inferior to his best work of the same period. These Mr. Haden repudiates, and maintains to have been executed,

some wholly and some in part, not by Rembrandt himself, but by pupils and assistants in his studio. We shall return to this question presently. In the mean time it is enough to say that Mr. Haden's practical attainments, and long familiarity with the etched work of Rembrandt, give interest and authority to his criticism on technical points; while on points other than those strictly technical he shows an unfortunate habit of round assertion and headlong inference. His reprinted essay ought hardly to be called a "monograph;" it is in fact a string of somewhat dogmatic notes and suggestions, some of them valuable, some, in our judgment, the reverse. Mr. Haden further does himself less than justice in the tone of the personal attacks which he has thought it fitting to make on a fellow-worker in the same field, whose book stands next on our list.

Mr. Middleton's descriptive catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings is the result of many years of careful study, and is, as we can testify after searching trial, a thorough and serviceable piece of work. A whole literature has been devoted to this section of the master's activity. Etchings present to the student and collector a double aspect—that of their artistic value, and that, as we may call it, of their natural history. From the former point of view, no one has ever rivalled Rembrandt in this, the most expressive and personal variety of the engraver's art. Nearly all the Dutch painters of his time were etchers, but beside Rembrandt the rest were children alike in invention, observation, character, and in technical accomplishment, variety, resource. From the point of view of what we have called its natural history, the class of facts to be noted about an etching are, first, the vital facts which concern its genuineness as distinguished from copies, its preservation, its brilliancy, and the further facts, sometimes vital, sometimes unimportant, which concern its *state*, that is the particular stage in the career of the engraved plate at which any given impression has been struck off. It has been the habit of artists themselves, and still more of those who come into possession of their plates after them, to add new work from time to time to an etching for the sake of completing, altering, or reviving it. A catalogue, to be complete and serviceable, must give accurate and distinct accounts of important as well as unimportant variations, and of unskilful as well as of skilful copies. This minute and unthankful work Mr. Middleton has done

more freely than it has been done hitherto, either by M. Charles Blanc or the earlier authorities. His work is the more useful for following, instead of the old arrangement according to divisions of subject, and without regard to chronology, a new arrangement in which only four broad divisions of subject are recognized, and within each of these we are enabled to follow the mind and hand of the master consecutively from youth to age, instead of being to our confusion banded backwards and forwards between the two. The arrangement of Rembrandt's work, in all kinds alike, according to date, had been first attempted by Vosmaer, and was applied practically to the etchings, at the suggestion of Mr. Haden, in the exhibition of 1877. The weak point of such an arrangement is that many pieces not dated by the master himself have of necessity to be placed conjecturally, from the internal evidence of style; and in such conjecture it is impossible to make sure of being right within a year, or even within two or three years. Neither Mr. Middleton's classification nor his chronology is unassailable, but both give proof of careful consideration, and, with some few exceptions, may be adopted for working purposes.\* His brief biography, and his apparatus of index, facsimiles of the test points marking differences of state, copies, and the like, with cross-references to other catalogues, references to the great public collections of the British Museum, Paris, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Cambridge, and Oxford—we wish that at least Berlin and Vienna had been added—all these are excellent. In the general and introductory parts of Mr. Middleton's book, a critical vocabulary somewhat wanting in color and precision, and a somewhat uncertain note when he touches matters of art lying outside his immediate undertaking, furnish a marked contrast with the practised elegance of M. Blanc's literary workmanship, but after all are trifling blots upon what is a work, not of literary

\* For instance, Mr. Middleton's canon, just in the main, but hardly without exceptions, that Rembrandt used the monogram R. H. exclusively up to, and never after, the year 1632, causes him to assign to 1630 a print of "Christ Disputing with the Doctors" (M. 177), of which the date on some impressions reads quite unmistakably 1636. Again, it is a pity to separate, by classifying the one under Portraits and Studies, the other under General and Fancy Compositions, two pieces like the "Man playing Cards" and the "Man with Crucifix and Chain" (M. 147 and 160), which are portraits of the same sitter, etched, though in very different styles, in the same year, 1641. Or again, Mr. Middleton's system leads to some strange juxtapositions, as when we find the rare "Study of a Cope and Paling" placed next to the "Portrait of Van den Linden" (M. 166, 167).



ambition, but of practical guidance to the student, and as such is fitted to be of permanent and standard service.

Lastly, in a deserving series based upon recent German publications, and illustrated with duplicates of the original woodcuts, Mr. Mollett gives for English readers, as Professor Lemcke has already given for those of Germany, a readable abridgment of the biographical work of Vosmaer. Mr. Mollett's little book is fuller and more systematic than the essay of Professor Lemcke, but has this disadvantage, that the cuts, whether from imperfect printing or whatever cause, will not bear comparison with the same cuts in the German work.

We have been thus particular in briefly describing the nature of the chief recent publications bearing upon our subject, because in our further observations we shall not return to them more than is necessary, but shall endeavor in our own way to sum up the salient points of Rembrandt's career, as that career now stands disengaged from the fables by which the gossip of the generations following his own had surrounded it; and at the same time to state, as we conceive it, the essential nature of his achievement in relation to modern art.

Rembrandt van Rijn, or of the Rhine, the son of Harmen, the son of Gerrit, the son of Roelof, was born at Leyden on July 15, 1607.\* He came of a family of millers, various members of which had for several generations held the principal share in a mill, and at one time shares in a second mill, situated on a rampart at an angle of the Rhine, just within the gate called the White Gate of the city of Leyden. Facing this rampart across the road were three or four substantial houses, and in one of these the miller Harmen and his wife Neeltje, the daughter of a baker, were living when their fifth son was born and christened Rembrandt. They were well-to-do tradespeople, owning, besides the chief share in the family mill, some house and garden property in the suburbs.

\* Mr. Middleton, who follows M. Vosmaer in adopting this date, has shown how two signatures of the master, in one of which he states himself to be twenty-six years of age in 1634, and in the other twenty-four in 1631, seeming thus to give the two different dates 1608 and 1607 for his birth, are not really inconsistent, since the signature of 1634 was written on June 22, when, in truth, supposing him born in 1607, he would not yet have completed his twenty-sixth year. We have, then, only to suppose that the other signature, which makes him twenty-four in 1631, was written in that year on some day after his birthday, June 15, and we have the date 1607 doubly established. It is idle to claim, with Mr. Haden, an equal authority for the other date, 1606, given by a contemporary writer, Orlers.

Of the boyhood of Rembrandt we know nothing except that, after the course of elementary schooling customary in the Protestant Holland of those days, he was put to the high school in hopes that, his elder brothers having been brought up to trade, he, the youngest, might learn Latin and be sent in due time to the university. But he would not learn Latin; he would only scribble and draw. Before long his parents determined to make the best of their son's vocation, and put him to study painting under a distant connection of their own, Jakob van Swanenburch. This Jakob was, it would seem, the least remarkable of a family of painters of the same name in Leyden; but he had studied high art in Italy, and was of good position in his native town, his father having been a magistrate as well as a painter. With him Rembrandt remained for three years, probably from 1620 to 1623. Then, the promise of the boy being already manifest, he was sent, at about sixteen years old, to work with another and more distinguished master, Pieter Lastman, at Amsterdam.

At Amsterdam Rembrandt stayed at this time for half a year only; and for the six following years he seems to have lived and worked at home at Leyden. It was still the fashion, and continued to be the fashion with a certain number of painters, even through this revolutionary period of Dutch art, to travel in Italy as a preparation for practising at home. But Rembrandt's was no temper either to desire or to submit to the lessons of the south. All his life long he was, indeed, an eager student and collector of the products of many schools, including those most opposed to his own. But to imitate, to take example, to allow foreign influences to modify his own instincts and predilections, was the last thing of which this uncompromising spirit was capable. No man was more apt than Rembrandt to take pleasure in works of art of all kinds, or made, as we shall see in the sequel, greater sacrifices in order to surround himself with them. But to collect and appreciate is one thing, to be influenced is another. It was his own personal report of humanity and nature that Rembrandt was born to deliver, not an echo or concordance of the reports of other people, however high their authority or however well they pleased him.

His mode of imposing his own personality, of transmuting everything which he touches, is, indeed, never more truly apparent than when he chooses, as he occasionally does, to take over a group, a motive, an idea, out of the work of some



one else. Thus, he more than once made drawings, of his swift and vehement kind, after the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci; but Rembrandt could not see human beings as Leonardo saw them, and his hand has instinctively transformed the accomplished ideal characters of the Italian into Dutchmen of the bluntest type, the most humble feature and aspect (we speak particularly of the example in the King's Library at Dresden). Again, Rembrandt once follows a motive of that master of the austere and strenuous ideal style, Mantegna, in showing a Mary seated and bowing her head and body sideways over her child to nestle her face passionately against his. But in giving the Virgin of his little etching the attitude of Mantegna's great engraving, he utterly discards Mantegna's special element of style. He changes the sentiment from the key of high devotional pathos to the key of cottage humility and pitifulness; he places the figures in a cottage interior, perfectly realistic in spite of the symbolic serpent that we see beneath the Virgin's foot, and outside the window he stations a forlorn, plebeian Joseph wistfully looking in and wondering. Or again, and from a model nearer home, from the work of Hans Sebald Beham, a German line-engraver on a miniature scale, whose style had been derived in about equal parts from Dürer and from Marcantonio, Rembrandt borrowed the notion of engraving a couple of fellows of whom one shouts, "Tis very cold," to the other, who answers back, "That's no matter." But these slight pieces are in no sense "copied," as Mr. Haden calls them, from those of Beham. Rembrandt changes the field-laborers of the earlier master into ragged, snarling beggars; he gives them quite other looks and gestures, and his whole touch and treatment are unlike those of Beham with an unlikeness not at all to be explained by the mere natural difference between the burin and the work of the etching-needle. And so in all similar cases.\*

We have now traced the young Rembrandt to the threshold of the period when he takes his stand and earns his living for himself. We have so far anticipated as to assure ourselves that he will adopt no lessons and follow no precedents save such as recommend themselves to his personal

gifts and instincts. We shall the better understand his future career if at this point we allow ourselves to anticipate still further, and try to realize for good and all what those gifts and instincts were. In what manner, then, was Rembrandt destined to assert himself as a man of unequal but searching and profound experiment among men of even, contented, but unexciting achievement—as an artist accustomed impetuously to feel and imagine among artists only accustomed placidly to see and paint—in a word, as a poet among men of prose?

The first and most obvious element of imaginative effect in Rembrandt's work is, of course, his *chiaroscuro*, or management of light and dark. The appearances of objects which interested him more than any other were those which indicate their solidity, their relief and projection in space; and as these appearances are made up of shadow and light, so the problems of shadow and light are the great problems of his art.

Early art, especially in Italy, had scarcely occupied itself with such problems at all. Early artists had seen the world, so to speak, not solid, but flat; the appearances of things which they had aimed at representing had been their linear contours and local colors; so long as they got these true and fair, they had been content with a very partial indication of the relations of light and shadow which express the relief of objects in space. It was not till the full Renaissance in Italy that Leonardo da Vinci first of all, and then Correggio, began to occupy themselves with effects of *chiaroscuro*; Leonardo with the object of pursuing to the end, and carrying into the third dimension, as they had never been carried before, the refinements of expressive draughtsmanship; Correggio in the desire of completing his new effects of flesh modelling, and realizing the full roundness and softness of angelic tissues against clouds and gulfs of distance. Since the days of these two, the problems of *chiaroscuro* had played a great part in painting. It had been found that to lower the general lighting of a picture, and to bring out the points of chief interest in sharp illumination, was an easy way of producing a striking effect. Certain masters had gained a great reputation by what were called night pieces, of which the object was to strike by a representation of the effects of firelight or twilight in a dark room. Others, without choosing subjects naturally requiring strong *chiaroscuro*, had nevertheless adopted that method of paint-

\* It is proper to add, that the whole paragraph in which Mr. Haden specifies the "reputed authors" of certain designs borrowed, or supposed to be borrowed, by Rembrandt, is misleading, partly from hasty expression, partly, it seems, from insufficient acquaintance with the facts.

ing in which chiaroscuro is everything. One artist who, in pictures of an almost miniature scale and delicacy, adopted the dark key, was Adam Elsheimer, a German who worked and had many followers in Rome in the third quarter of the sixteenth century. Another who painted in the same key, not with delicacy but with a coarse and lurid power, and on a large scale, was Caravaggio; and he too had a great following. A Dutch artist, fifteen years older than Rembrandt, Gerard Honthorst, painted scarcely anything else but torch-light and twilight pieces, and was famous under the name of Gerard of the Night. Among masters in closer relation to Rembrandt himself, Jan Pinaas, and his own teacher Lastman, were accustomed to work, though not exclusively, in the same manner. And to that manner, to the dark or swart manner as it was called, Rembrandt, since it suited his own powers and instincts, from the first attached himself.

In his hands, however, the swart manner became something quite different from anything which it had been in the hands of others. It became a mode of idealizing the objects of life and nature in their appearances of light and dark, as potently and as subtly as the old Italians had idealized them in their appearances of color and line. Rembrandt's achievement in chiaroscuro was to show how, by the adoption of a special scale of light and shadow, painting might express, caress, force home, with a power and animation altogether new, a certain class of the aspects of masses in space, their living and breathing aspects of substance, of surface, of come-and-go. The full scale of nature's own relations of light and shadow is, we must remember, beyond the power of painting to imitate. The maximum of light which painting can obtain upon the canvas is something much below the pitch of full natural daylight. Hence every effect of light and dark in a picture is a compromise, and every painter has to decide for himself what particular form of compromise he will adopt. That usually adopted consists in compressing the entire scale of light and dark, so that slight differences in these qualities in a picture correspond to and stand for much greater differences in nature. Others will not accept this form of compromise; but will either, beginning at the lower end of the scale, get the relations between their shadows exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, in which case their means are exhausted before they get to the upper end, and the light parts of their work be-

come confused, as often with Turner, in an indiscriminate blaze; or else, beginning at the upper end of the scale, they will get the relations between their lights exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, and in that case their means will be exhausted before they reach the lower end, so that the dark parts of their work are swamped in a general obscurity. Both Mr. Ruskin and M. Taine have pointed to this last form of the compromise as being characteristic of Rembrandt. But this is not yet a complete account of the matter. If we say that Rembrandt enshrouds in gloom all those parts of his picture which in nature would be seen in shadow varying from half-shadow downwards, because he wants the whole available scale between pictorial light and pictorial dark to express the full range of transition, and full subtlety of relation, among those things which in nature would be seen in light varying from half-light upwards, we define a part of Rembrandt's practice in the matter, but only a part. Thus, he loves to employ the highest powers of his scale in the rendering of objects which in nature are very conspicuous for lustre—as armor, jewels, feathers—and to realize this lustre, he paints with unheard-of devices of impasto, of relief, of glazing, till the substance of the work itself stands up in gleaming facets. Then he renders, as nearly as possible in their true relations with these, and with an inexhaustible subtlety of gradation, the qualities of subordinately illuminated things—as the gloss, softness, and life of the hair, the glow, substance, and modelling of the human tissue in head and hands, their retreating and advancing planes and masses. By this time he has got low down in his scale, and comparative obscurity absorbs the rest—the dark background, which ordinary portrait painting employs as a screen to relieve the figure, being with Rembrandt not only this, but a natural descent from the point to which he has already pursued the expression of relief in light and shade.

But Rembrandt does not keep his painting, except occasionally, in any such uniform or calculable relation with nature as this. Rather, having this for his general principle, he further proceeds to deal with the phenomena of light and shade as their master; altering, concentrating, scattering, rearranging them as suits his imaginative purpose. A picture of doctors listening to the lecture of an anatomical professor shall seem illuminated by an arbitrary concentration of pale light upon the corpse; so shall the pale body of Christ seem self-

luminous in an "Elevation of the Cross," or in a "Deposition;" in "Jacob's Dream," in the "Message to the Shepherds," and in the "Resurrection," the phosphorescence of a hovering angel shall startle the night with mystery; alike in groups and single portraits, in Scripture scenes, in landscape, the light shall be collected and flung in sheaves wherever it is wanted, and wherever it is not wanted shall be obliterated and swamped. Rembrandt's most ambitious portrait group, the "Sortie of the Company of Banning Kock," is so forced out of all regular relation to nature, its obscurity is so freakishly illuminated in the figures of a buff lieutenant, and a phantom child all gleaming blue and gold, that whole generations of men have asked themselves in vain what season of the day or night it represents.

To Rembrandt's habit of thus interpreting scenes of natural daylight according to a scale which sacrifices the lower gradations of light in order to obtain fuller truth in the upper, and to his further habit of arbitrarily concentrating and disturbing light according to the interest of the scene, has also to be added a third habit, that of choosing, very often, scenes not of natural daylight at all, but of such dim or artificial light as it is within the power of painting to interpret with comparatively little compromise. Especially in order to give poetry and mystery to his homely versions of Old and New Testament history, Rembrandt would now and again follow the example of the professed painters of night pieces, and choose an indoor or outdoor scene to be illuminated with the flicker of flambeaux or firelight. Such scenes he would treat not crudely, not harshly, like his predecessors, but with the subtlest art. He would diffuse his artificial light from a concealed focus—a hearth with figures darkly relieved in front—a rushlight screened by the hand of Joseph beside the manger—a lamp swung behind the column of a temple—and would follow out to its last issue the struggle of this light amid the surrounding gloom, from its full glare near the focus to its expiring, almost indistinguishable gleam upon the rafter of a roof or the litter of a distant corner.

This, in truth, is the great difference between Rembrandt and other followers of the dark manner—that his transitions are never crude or abrupt, and his darkness is never opaque or dull. In the midst of gloom, he never lets the light perish, but is as careful of its remotest glimmer as of its central coruscation. He breaks his shadow with light and his light with shad-

ow with an infinity of counterchange and gradation. Reaching the lower part of his range quickly, he cannot, as we have said, in that range give objects any longer their true relations. But the objects are there notwithstanding; the gloom is mysterious and eventful with the presence of forms, faces, and objects hard to decipher, but yet making themselves felt. The background, as you search it, proves never to be slurred or empty, but always peopled and worked out; you can look into and make discoveries in it to the last. It is not till a day of sunshine that you discern, at Dresden, all the faces of Philistines at the marriage feast in Timnath, who grin and make merry while Samson turns to expound his riddle, and his bride sits white-vestured, radiant, victoriously smiling in the midst; nor that you can tell, in the other great picture near it, what fills the vague blackness into which the angel takes his flight, while Manoa and his wife kneel beside the sacrifice, their humble, awe-struck countenances making a strange contrast with the splendor of their scarlet and purple apparel. And so, at Brunswick, of the dark wood in front of which the pale Magdalen half trails, half lifts herself in loving humility at the feet of Christ; so, at Munich, of the roof above the "Nativity," where fowls roost among the dim rafters against the scarcely discernible blue of the night, and again of the women in the "Resurrection," who have drawn near the tomb in the darkness, and one of whom drops her jar of spices at the angelic apparition that fills the air; so of the figures that people the dim temple aisles in the "Woman taken in Adultery" of the National Gallery; so, in a word, of almost all the backgrounds and distances of Rembrandt's painting.

Add that all this play and interest of light and shadow takes account of figures and objects, not as peopling mere space, but as peopling space occupied with atmosphere; an atmosphere which has a life, an activity, a transfiguring power of its own, now rarer, now denser, now obstructing light, and now transmitting it, enveloping and investing the surfaces of things with its own halo and vibration, and constituting, as M. Taine puts it, a universal presence and most significant actor in the scene. M. Taine, no doubt, would have us believe too much when he ascribes all the qualities of Rembrandt's light and shade to the impression naturally received by visual organs of exceptional sensitiveness in the dense atmosphere of Holland. But it is in a passage rarely equalled for

that which may be called the rhetoric of criticism that M. Taine discusses the part played by this element in the art of Rembrandt:—

He exhibited all the swarming and mysterious life of the atmosphere, the interposed atmosphere, colored and tremulous, in which living things are plunged like fishes in the sea. He lit it with the light of his country, a feeble and yellowish gleam like that of a lamp in a cellar; he entered into the painful struggle of that light against darkness, the fainting of the thinner rays which straggle expiring amid the gloom, the tremulousness of the glimmering reflections which cling for a moment upon slippery walls and vanish, and all the life of that vague multitude of half-lights which people the kingdom of the dark, and which, invisible to common eyes, seem in his prints and pictures like the creatures of some submarine world beheld dimly athwart gulfs of sea. For his eyes, emerging from this obscurity, the full light of day had the effect of a dazzling rain; he felt it like a burst of lighting, like a miraculous illumination or the explosion of a sheaf of missiles. So that in this inanimate world, the world of light and shade, he found the most complete and most expressive drama for the painter, all contrasts, all conflicts, all that is most mortally dismal in the light, all that is most fugitive and melancholy in uncertain shadow, all that is most violent and irresistible in the irruption of the day.

This is the writing of a very accomplished man of letters, who allows himself to be led by his own eloquence somewhat, we think, beyond the true soberness, and aside from the true bearings, of the facts. With such a passage it would be instructive to compare, if we had space for further quotation, the passage in which M. Fromentin, writing as a practical painter, defines the character of Rembrandt in another great aspect of his practice, his character as a colorist. Rembrandt has been praised with extravagance as one of the great colorists of the world. M. Fromentin, on the other hand, shows, with a perfect relevancy and cogency, that Rembrandt, though he produced most powerful effects of color, is not entitled to be called a colorist at all, in the sense in which that name is given to painters who care for color more than for anything else, and use color as their special means of idealizing the world. Such painters, the colorists properly so called—and their number includes men working according to ideals so diverse as Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Velasquez, Rubens—such painters all agree in this, that in their work a local tint preserves its identity, its individual quality, through all transitions of light and dark.

Deepening, paling, it is nevertheless constant to itself, and never tends to become white or colorless in the lights, and black or neutral in the darks. It is precisely to these changes, absorptions, degradations, that the local tints of painters not belonging to the color group do tend. Such changes are conspicuous in the work of Rembrandt. As light and dark are what he cares for more than anything else, so his extremes of light and dark devour his local colors, absorbing them and destroying their identity. In a scale of light short of full illumination, Rembrandt will produce effects of color as rich, as jewelled, as constant to their own nature, as those of Tintoret himself; especially in certain favorite tints of deep red, as for example the scarlet and purple of Manoaah and his wife, at Dresden, the crimson velvet of the Cambridge "Portrait of an Officer," the color between scarlet and crimson of the famous portrait of his wife at Cassel, the red, sombre but still rich, of the man loading his gun in the "Night-Watch," the red, running to dusky orange and gold, of the centurion Cornelius in the picture belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, the blaze of crimson, brick-red, and orange, laid on in loaded touches without fusion or blending, which looks so strange and violent at a close inspection, but falls into such perfect relations as you retire, in the family group at Brunswick. And the heads and hands of his principal personages he generally keeps within those degrees of the scale of light at which he can paint them with full local truth and richness of flesh color. But whatever else in the picture is in higher illumination than this, has to sacrifice its specific quality as color in order to attain its required quality as light. The lustrous objects of the scene, surrendering their individual tints, appear not, indeed, as colorless, but as gleaming in some nameless hue made up of all the other hues in the picture so blended and broken up in light as to be indistinguishable. See, for instance, the pearls and jewels, the armlets and necklaces, the feathers and gauze scarf of Saskia, in the same striking and highly-wrought portrait at Cassel which we have already mentioned. And as it is with colors at the upper end of the scale of light, so it is at the lower. They undergo a similar loss of identity: the figures and objects which reveal themselves in that transparent and suggestive darkness, which we have described as filling the chief part of Rembrandt's canvases, reveal themselves not in the individual hues of nature,

but in variations of umbered, golden, bronze, or greenish neutral tint, in which, as in the high light, all the other hues of the picture, instead of being separately continued, are blended, transformed, and drowned. Look, for instance, at the faces of the armed companions that fill the background of the "Night-Watch," at those of the Philistines in the aforesaid banquet at Timnath, at those of the laborers whispering their discontent over their wages, in the "Parable of the Vineyard," at Frankfort, at those of the shepherds peering into the stable, or of the Maries swooning beneath the cross, in a score of "Nativities" and Crucifixions." All these are faces painted not in the colors of humanity, but in a monochrome determined by the general harmony of the picture. Or again, as a crucial instance, take the peacock on the table in the picture at Dresden, of Rembrandt seated laughing with his wife on his knee. A painter who belonged to the colorists might have kept this accessory object ever so subordinate in value, but would have preserved its proper peacock colors. Rembrandt paints it, to suit his harmony, in a dull, broken monochrome between brown, grey, and green.

The colorist, then, we recognize as being in Rembrandt, though powerful and original, yet quite subordinate to the master in light and shadow. It might almost be added that both color and chiaroscuro were subordinate in his work to another and more vital element still, the element of human emotion and expression. Only in truth these elements are not separable from one another. The true way of putting it is to say, that chiaroscuro in the first degree, and color in the second, were this painter's means for making humanity live in pictures. And his view of humanity was the most original and the most penetrating. We have said that he had little eye for physical beauty or distinction. But he had a much rarer gift, an eye for the moral beauty which may accompany physical degradation; an instinct of compassionate penetration, which enabled him to seize and put on record those unconscious aspects of their life by which the abject, the coarse, the forsaken, appeal mutely to the human heart within us. This was, indeed, only a part, although the most interesting part, of the gift, surely without rival among painters, which Rembrandt possessed for the observation of character, and of all outward signs, looks, gestures whatsoever, that either record past experiences or express a present

crisis. We have it in his own words, written in reference to work upon which he had spent special pains, that the expression of life and movement — "the most and the most natural movement" — was the point on which his mind was bent above all others. A preoccupation of this kind has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Take the work of Rembrandt in his portraits and portrait groups. At their best, these have the vitality, the serious force and grasp of realization, the sense of solid and breathing presence, which was common to many masters of his age and school, qualities enhanced in his case by the peculiar force and refinement of his flesh modelling, the peculiar splendor of his illumination and suggestiveness of his backgrounds. But he is not at all times quiet enough for portrait, or content enough to be governed by the facts before him. In these undertakings, his love of movement, of bustle, of come-and-go, of the poetry of light and shadow, all those strivings of his spirit after an ideal world of its own, sometimes get the better of him and give the result, for all its grasp of character, an air of something phantasmagoric and unreal. Such an air unquestionably belongs to the famous group of the "Night-Watch," and makes of it a work more exciting, it may be, to contemplate, but less masterly, appropriate, and sufficient than other works in the same vein by Frans Hals, or even by a colder craftsman like Van der Helst.

It is in subjects of dramatic interest that Rembrandt finds scope at once for his grasp of character, and for his love of life, movement, bustle. And in subjects of dramatic interest he is inexhaustible. He knows all the life and all the types of his quarter, the comfortable burgess, the physician, the preacher, the trader of outlandish garb and mien, the swarms of street and wharf, the vices, the humors, the picturesqueness of the populace, the deformities of the lazar-house, the riot of the tavern and squalor of the garret; he has watched and drawn every look and action of railing beggar or bawling chapman, of chaffering goodwife or wheedling Jew, of pursy official and starveling vagabond. All these things he knows and has recorded a thousand times; using, without the least regard to style, whatever means were the readiest to follow and fix the object and the moment of interest. A few hasty sweeps of a brush loaded with bistre upon the paper, a few significant scramblings of the needle upon the copper, perpetuate, with an astonishing insight and



precision, the speaking movement, the pathetic glance, the quivering lip of supplication, the outstretched hand of importunity, the tottering step of palsied age, the snarling mask of plebeian spite, the swollen features of unloveliness in woe, the huddling gestures and pitiful kindnesses of those who would comfort one another amid rags and darkness. It is in the temper of this latter class of his observations that Rembrandt is altogether singular. He has not the least shrinking from what is most abject, most repulsive even, in either the physical or moral world; but amid the repulsiveness, the abjectness, he discerns and puts on record, not only whatever is picturesque, whatever speaks to and entertains the eye, but above all, and like no one else, whatever is poignantly human, whatever speaks to and lays hold upon the heart.

Another great singularity in Rembrandt is that, except in notes and studies, he does not usually thus record the diversified life around him, as most of his countrymen record it, for its own sake merely. He uses all these materials chiefly to illustrate the Bible. Images of worship being no longer needed for the churches of reformed Holland, the themes of worship, we know, had for the most part been abandoned by the school. But Rembrandt returns to those themes in a new sense. The stories of the Bible appeal intensely to his religious sentiment and to his love of dramatic interest together. He pores over those stories in the temper of a dissident, a private, a democratic Christianity. The chord within his nature which responds most keenly to the teachings of Christ is the chord of compassion, of equality, of sympathy with the poor and needy and those that are ready to perish. He was capable of seeing the best in what was vilest, and, like his master, had compassion on those multitudes. And so he seeks to make the stories of the Bible live in the only way in which he could sincerely and of his own instincts conceive them. He thinks of the scenes of the Old and New Testament in terms of contemporary Amsterdam. He confers on Abraham and Joseph, on David and Manoaah, on Tobit and Tobias, on angels and celestial ministers themselves, all the plainness, all the humanity, all the predicaments, but also all the life and expressiveness of every day. His Mary and Joseph are the homeliest-featured helpmates, she humbly brooding over and loving her child, he helping, puzzled, tender in humility greater still, as they sit within the cot-

tage gloom, or tramp forlornly on their exiled way through ford and thicket, or take their midday rest in returning, he seated on a bank with bread and clasp-knife, and turning to look kindly at the child as the mother beside him removes its wrappings. And so on through the whole range of biblical personages: they receive from Rembrandt a new plainness and humility, but in plainness and humility a new life and pathos.

The only transformation, the only embellishment, by which the master seeks to give to his Christian subjects a touch of oriental and historic color, consists in a certain apparatus of costume, as turbans and silken scarves for judge and Pharisee, or flashing swords, casques, breastplates for soldier and centurion. In this he was for once at one both with earlier and recent precedent — the works of his own master Lastman, among others, furnishing abundant examples of this use of far-fetched fripperies and costumes. For Rembrandt, with his love of lustrous objects, and his need of such objects to form centres of illumination in his pictures, these materials of scarf and turban, of silk, cloth-of-gold, brocade, of sword and mail, of plume, brooch, and badge, naturally possessed a special attraction. To procure them he was accustomed to ransack the wharves and the brokers' booths, till his house became in all its corners a very museum of curiosities. The pictorial effect and magic of his work these trappings necessarily enhance; its human effect, on the other hand, they occasionally somewhat mar and vulgarize. For Rembrandt will not abate a jot of dramatic truth or realistic bluntness in one of his personages more than another; and these qualities are apt to match strangely with a barbaric splendor of apparel.

We have, then, by this time before us a list of the elements which give to the work of Rembrandt its special character — a character which is shared in greater or less degree by that of a whole group of satellites whom he drew around him. He was an exception, we have learnt, among his countrymen, first by his magic of light and shade, with a subordinate, though not inconsiderable, magic of color; next by his unrivalled grasp of character and life, and especially of the pathetic sides of plebeian character and life; thirdly, by his habit of depicting facts, without compromise indeed, yet not usually for their own sakes, but for the sake of realizing scenes consecrated by religious emotion; and, lastly, by an additional element intended



to be poetical, though in truth its effect is often no more than one of somewhat puerile fantasy, the element of outlandish richness and research in the costumes of certain classes of his characters.

All these elements, except of course the single one of color, are just as characteristic of the second great division of Rembrandt's work, the division of engravings, as they are of his paintings. In the art of etching, perfected as he knew the means of perfecting it, Rembrandt found the only mode of linear expression which could have been made suitable to his special genius. The chastened, the severe, the firmly and deliberately ploughed line of the burin, in what is called line engraving, is really suited only to the expression of a chastened and severe conception of physical form. It is a mode of work best corresponding to those instincts in art which find in purity of form, and determinateness with suavity of linear contour, the most interesting of natural facts. Even in the work of the greatest of line engravers, Albert Dürer, there had seemed a certain conflict, a certain incongruity, between the unerring precision and purity of the engraved line itself, and the conception of form which that line was employed to realize; a conception wavering at first between the symmetry of the Italian ideal and the realism, the uncouthness of the north, but finally, in the mature practice of Dürer, deciding definitely in favor of the latter. Rembrandt's conception of the human fabric was much more uncouth and Teutonically plebeian still than that of Dürer, without Dürer's countervailing qualities of strenuous manhood, energy, and precision. Neither did linear contours interest Rembrandt, except as serving to circumscribe and define the gesture and feature of life; for the qualities, the rhythm and modulation, of lines as such he did not care, and even as a means of indicating the places of things and their forms, he greatly preferred light and shadow. Etching, with its rapid, unrestrained, lightly-moving stroke, thus supplied exactly the appropriate means for the only kind of design upon metal which could for him have had any attraction. With the etching needle he could record, without stopping to chasten, the most fugitive lines of expressive movement; he could add as much or as little modelling of surfaces and shading of backgrounds as he pleased; and by the use of the dry point, with devices of burr and printing, he could produce, at comparatively small expense of labor, effects of light and dark

the most consonant with his instincts, the most varying from crisp to soft, from sudden to gradual, shadows the deepest without opaqueness, the most velvety, transparent, and mysterious. Much that was best in himself, much that was most spontaneous and intimate, as well as much that was most fanciful, Rembrandt was accustomed to express in this form; and when we think of his achievements as a whole, we justly put one of the central Bible etchings, like the "Christ healing the Sick," or the finest etched portraits, like the "Six," the "Haarings," or the "Lutma," or nude studies like the "Woman with the Arrow," or the "Woman in Shadow" lying down, or a landscape like "The Three Trees," and many on a lesser scale — we justly put etchings like these, in a general estimate of the master's work, on almost the same level of importance as any of his paintings in the same respective orders of subjects.

The characteristics of Rembrandt's genius which we have thus endeavored to define are general, and hold good of one period of his career almost as much as of another. Naturally, however, they declare themselves at different periods in somewhat different forms, and with variations of technical practice. Speaking broadly, Rembrandt's manner both in painting and etching exhibits a progress, from great delicacy and scrupulousness of touch and handling in his earliest days, to extreme dash, audacity, and summariness of touch and handling in his latest; and in this progress, it is possible to mark with fair distinctness a first, a second, and a third stage. The three most important of his pictures that still remain in Holland, the "Anatomy Lecture" (1632), the "Sortie of the Company of Banning Kock," or "Night-Watch" (1642), and the "Syndics of the Drapers' Company" (1661), are usually quoted as the great typical examples of the three manners. At the same time, the manners proper to such several stages not seldom overlap, and in portrait painting especially, works of the master widely separated in date bear not seldom a close resemblance. We speak particularly of the most sedate, masterly, and dignified group of his portraits, those in which he has most frankly submitted to be governed by the facts before him. To this group belong alike the noble double portrait of a "Naval Constructor and his Wife," at Buckingham Palace, painted in 1633, and another double portrait of 1641, that of the "Pastor Cornelis Anslou with his Wife;" with several fine single figures in

full length, such as the portrait of Martin Daey and that of his wife, the one belonging to 1634 and the other to 1641; and the admirable nameless full-length at Cassel, bearing the date 1639, of a fresh-visaged personage leaning against a column in a vestibule. In the etchings, again, though it is easy to trace a general development of style from the delicately minute to the daringly vigorous, and though there is little resemblance between a characteristic work of Rembrandt's earliest time like the "Presentation with the Angel" (M. 178), or the nude study of a "Diana bathing" (M. 258), and a characteristic work of his later time like the "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" (M. 293), or the nude study of the "Woman with an Arrow" (M. 252), nevertheless almost any single year will show us work the most various in treatment and purpose. Thus the year 1641 gives us the elaborately and the slightly finished studies of a single sitter which we have already noticed (M. 147, 269), the highly-wrought portrait of "Cornelis Anslou," the vehemently conceived and roughly scrawled ideas for lion-hunting scenes (M. 272, 273, 274), as well as some of the earliest examples of Rembrandt's expressive, feeling, and refined workmanship in the art of landscape etching (M. 305, 306, 307).

Resuming, now, the chronological thread of Rembrandt's life — the six years of his ripening youth which he passed in his father's house after he came back from Amsterdam have left comparatively little trace. His earliest authentic picture, a little St. Paul in prison seated beside a window, belongs to his twentieth year, and is preserved in the Museum at Stuttgart. The next year, 1628, shows us two etched studies of his mother, whose well-marked features, firm and dignified in old age, he has perpetuated in this way over and over again. One of these earliest etchings in especial is so distinguished for perfect character and drawing, with the touch of a finished master in the modelling of the features, the animation of mouth and eyes, the trick and delicacy of the hair, that it has helped to make some critics sceptical as to later work in which less accomplishment is shown. That Rembrandt had thus early made some reputation by works to which we have no longer the clue, is clear from the fact that he had already a first pupil, destined afterwards to become famous, in the person of Gerard Dou, as well as from a story of his having about this time sold a picture for a hundred florins to an amateur of the Hague, and of

his consequent surprise and elation. We may guess, also, that at this time Rembrandt and another young artist of his native town, Jan Lievens, who was of his own age, a fellow-student under Lastman at Amsterdam, must have been in relations of intercourse and mutual influence. Lievens in a year or two went, if the traditions concerning him are true, to England, and afterwards settled at Antwerp. Mr. Haden has confused the matter by classing him among the pupils of Rembrandt. That he was so there is no evidence whatever, though there is proof of their having had subsequent communication. Some etchings of 1635 bearing the initial of Lievens are actual duplicates of others bearing the signature of Rembrandt, and in a few more the work of the two shows a close coincidence; but what the precise relations of these several pieces are it seems impossible to distinguish.

In 1629 we find a few studies, both etched and drawn, of "St. Jerome." This subject had been a favorite one with northern artists ever since the days of Dürer and Erasmus, and Rembrandt handled it many times in one form or another. A picture in which he showed the saint kneeling upon a mat within a cave, with his back to the spectator and his attendant lion beside him, has been engraved by one of the pupils who joined his studio within a year or two of this time; and the supposed original of this engraving, dated 1629, has passed with the Suermondt Gallery into the Museum at Berlin, where, however, the authorities cast doubts upon the work. One thing more is to be noticed in connection with the year 1629; in it appears the first of those studies of his own physiognomy which throughout all the rest of Rembrandt's life were destined to give him so much occupation. No artist was so constantly taking his own portrait. There are extant, among his paintings, fully thirty such portraits of himself from youth to age; and among his etchings an equal number. Sometimes as many as a dozen of these last belong to a single year. It was a homely visage enough which so preoccupied its owner. Thick, light hair disposed to straggle and curl, a thin moustache brushed sideways according to the fashion of the time, a scanty beard, generally shaved excepting a tuft beneath the lower lip, a massive, roughly modelled head, the determined mouth by no means finely cut, the nose thick at the end and somewhat pinched at the bridge, the powerful brow concentrated in level wrinkles above searching, some-

what narrow eyes — such were the features of which Rembrandt has left us versions in every manner of workmanship and every key of expression. Vain of his looks he can hardly have been, but interested in them, fond of watching and studying them, as a strong and self-conscious personality is fond of watching and studying whatever belongs to itself, this he certainly was; and the vainest of beautiful women never spent so much of her time before the mirror. What is more, Rembrandt in his youth and early manhood was almost as fond as a woman of ornaments and costume; and he has painted and etched himself once and again in armor, in rich furs and outlandish hats and feathers, in all sorts of strange and rich caparisons. Especially in the days of his prosperous marriage with a comely and well-portioned bride, when they were both wont to masquerade for one another's pleasure in the richest properties of his studio, Rembrandt seems really to show a sort of fantastic coquetry, a pride in the silkiness of his long locks, a desire to look the knight or gallant instead of the plain burgher and craftsman that he was. But whatever touch of vanity, or of a desire to find cause of vanity, Rembrandt's own rough externals may have afforded him, the root of the matter of course was, that he found the most convenient model in himself. He could subject his own person to whatever disguises, his own features to whatever contortions, he pleased; he could arrange himself in whatever light, natural or artificial, full or reflected, sharp or soft; upon himself he could study at his ease those problems of facial modelling in light and shade, those secrets of facial structure and expression, which his genius was always urging him to master. And the fact is, that in these studies of himself, the early etched studies especially, he seems often to have no other object than to record a look of sudden and strong expression, as terror, bedevilled mirth, or snarling malice, which he has assumed on purpose before the glass. Strict fidelity in portraiture is the last object at which he aims; and in many cases the features are so modified that we cannot tell for certain whether they are indeed his own.

It is in the next year, 1630, that these studies first occur in numbers. In that year the full activity of Rembrandt's career begins. In that year he leaves his father's home for good, and establishes himself at the centre of Dutch life, Amsterdam. Here he was quickly joined by pupils a few years younger than himself. To what

extent some of these pupils may also have been his assistants, and have carried out work which has since passed current under his name, is a question that has given rise to much discussion since it was recently raised by Mr. Haden. Mr. Haden's own contribution to the solution of the question may be summed up thus. He has shown, to something like certainty, that some of the larger and more important etchings produced in Rembrandt's studio, in the course of the first few years of his residence at Amsterdam, were completed from the master's designs by other hands than his own, excepting sometimes the principal heads or other passages which he might reserve to be put in by himself. The famous "Descent from the Cross" (M. 187) and "Ecce Homo" (M. 200) are the chief of several examples in which this participation of other hands may be regarded, we think, as proved. Unfortunately, Mr. Haden was not content with establishing his main point, but accompanied his exposition with offhand assertions as to the real authorship in each case of the work rejected. These assertions show quite insufficient study of the facts, and Mr. Haden, in reprinting them, has virtually retracted them in a preface, but at the same time has qualified the retraction in his text by the following unscholarlike plea: "The accounts we have of many of these men and, with two or three exceptions, the men themselves, are too obscure, and the work they did too bad, to render a more laborious identification of them than we have here thought it necessary to make anything but a waste of time."

Mr. Haden, it seems, has yet to learn that time is never so much wasted as in advancing confident opinions on any subject whatever upon insufficient grounds. It is perfectly true that among the members of the pleiad who worked in Rembrandt's manner and under his influence were some, like Ferdinand Bol, of refined and serious talent, and others like Van Vliet, whose work is seldom anything but the coarsest parody of their master's. But it is not less true that the minutest comparative study of the work of all these satellites must be undertaken before an opinion worth having can be formed concerning their respective shares in the early productions of Rembrandt's studio. Nor is it probable that study, however minute, will ever really settle the points at issue. Take the case of a well-known work, the larger etching of the "Raising of Lazarus." Like not a few other subjects, this was treated in half a dozen ways at about

the same time by Rembrandt and various members of his group. In all, the central idea is to give a thaumaturgic character to the scene, to represent it as an act of incantation, in the performance of which the Saviour stands erect, a magician conscious of his power, within the vault or cavern where Lazarus lies buried, but at some distance from the tomb; at his command the dead awakes, and the bystanders testify their amazement. The impulse to the treatment of this theme seems to have been given by a picture painted in 1632 by Rembrandt's former master, Lastman. Within the next year or two, as we may judge, appears the celebrated etched version bearing Rembrandt's signature. Here the Christ is a figure much more classical in pose and drapery than is usual in his work, and the execution may possibly be in part that of pupils; while other parts — notably the expression and gesture of Lazarus, which are almost exactly repeated in a subsequent picture of the "Resurrection of Christ" — are in the most characteristic manner of the master himself. In the year 1633, a little-known pupil, Jan de Wedt, paints the same scene in a somewhat similar spirit, but in breadth instead of height, with a quite different arrangement of all the figures, and with the addition of a new personage who helps to remove the grave-clothes from the risen Lazarus (this picture is at Darmstadt). Next we have an etching by Van Vliet, the coarsest and most repulsive of his whole work, in which a conception of the scene akin to that of Rembrandt, and containing some attitudes nearly identical with his, but seen from a different point of view, is embodied in figures of debased and hideous feature, and with a harsh violence of illumination. Lastly, an etching of Lievens represents again a kindred conception of the scene, only that here the Saviour faces us on a kind of terrace, beneath which, in front, lies the open tomb; and, emerging from the tomb, we see nothing but the hands of Lazarus flung up like those of a drowning man. We have tried, but quite in vain, to satisfy ourselves of the exact relations and derivations of these kindred embodiments of a single subject. And relations of similar intricacy occur repeatedly among the works of Rembrandt and his followers in his early days.

Even among the paintings of the master, in this comparatively unformed time, there are not a few which criticism must hesitate whether to ascribe to himself, or partly or altogether to his assistants. We think that the authorities of the Berlin Museum

are doubtless right in restoring to the youth of the master himself the once disputed "Rape of Proserpine," a small mythological piece of the most careful execution, and conceived with a characteristic union of far-fetched fantasy in the ornaments and costumes, and realistic point and bluntness in the action of the attendant maidens, who are trailed along the ground clenching their teeth as they tug frantically at the skirts of their mistress, to rescue her from the grasp of the ravisher. On the other hand, there is a large picture at Munich which has generally been accepted, and from M. Vosmaer has received especial praise, but which we are altogether unable to recognize as the work of Rembrandt. This is a "Holy Family," of nearly life size, in which the Virgin, seated, with one knee raised, in a dull lilac gown, and wearing on her shoulders a gauze scarf, caresses the shoulder and foot of the swaddled child lying across her lap, while a middle-aged Joseph leans with blandness over the empty cradle to look on. We more than doubt this picture, not merely because the chamber is represented in an ordinary diffused light, such as Rembrandt hardly ever, except in a few portraits, employs; nor because it is signed, in characters suspiciously clear and large, Rembrandt f. 1631, a signature which the master hardly ever, or, as Mr. Middleton thinks, positively never, adopts at this date; nor because the same mother and child are almost identically repeated, only more in profile, in a signed work of Ferdinand Bol, at Dresden — for the master is often thus repeated with variations by his pupils; but because, over and above all this, the work has precisely that touch of everyday elegance, of insipidity with correct drawing and accomplishment, that lack of individual invention and point, which, where Rembrandt is concerned, are the strongest negative proofs that can exist. We think it probable that the picture is of Bol's handiwork, about the year 1645, and that the signature of Rembrandt is spurious.

Enough, however, of discussions which concern rather the special student than the general reader. We will only add, that we agree with Mr. Middleton in thinking that the reasons which may be sufficient for assigning in part to pupils the workmanship of the large published etchings of this period are insufficient for similarly assigning to pupils the small heads and studies of beggars. These, as a rule, could hardly have been intended for the market; there could have been no reason

for their being marked with the monogram of Rembrandt when they were the work of another hand. Some of the beggars so signed, it is true, are little better than, and very like, similar studies published by Van Vliet in his own name in 1632 and 1635. Some of the studies of aged heads resemble, though in a less degree, similar studies by Lievens; but there are extant painted studies from the same models, notably three at Cassel, which are unquestionably by Rembrandt's hand, and show that he was exercising himself at this time upon these very models in the study of flesh painting, of character, of light and shade. No man is always at his best, and we must remember that Rembrandt, a man of experiment all his life, was still at his most experimental age. If we see engravings bearing his signature, in one or another of its customary forms, which closely approach, now the manner of Bol, now that of Lievens, now even that of the objectionable Van Vliet (so far as these fluctuating talents can be said to have definite manners of their own), we need not necessarily infer that they are in each case the actual work of the satellite and not of the master. Mr. Middleton declines to make this inference, and while he accepts Mr. Haden's contention concerning some of the larger prints, that they were done with the help of pupils, has often an easy task in disposing of Mr. Haden's assertions as to the particular pupils in question. He has perhaps not been quite explicit enough as to the part taken by Mr. Haden in calling the attention of students to the general question; but when that gentleman charges him with simply "appropriating and mutilating his conclusions," the charge falls, from its own extravagance, to the ground.

Granting that Rembrandt had even more help at this time from pupils than we believe to be the case, his first three years at Amsterdam were years, in any case, of extraordinary industry. In 1632 he painted, among other things, the first of his large groups of portraits, that which exhibits his friend and patron, Nicolas Tulp, demonstrating before his class in the anatomy school. This celebrated piece, with much dignity of individual character in the heads, lacks the animation of Rembrandt's finest work, and is to some extent disfigured by the imperfect drawing and arbitrary lighting of the corpse. The next year, 1633, produced several of the most important plates etched in Rembrandt's studio, besides almost a score of known portraits, some of them exhibiting

his powers in their fullest force and sanity; and, among subject pictures, an "Elevation of the Cross," and a "Descent from the Cross," the latter repeating with variations the motive of the great etching, which were the first two of a set of five illustrations of the life of Christ painted in these years for the stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Nassau. These five, of which the last two were not completed till six years later, now hang together in one of the small cabinets of the gallery at Munich. They are on a uniform scale, the small scale, which to our thinking suits the manner of Rembrandt in religious episode better than the heroic dimensions which he sometimes, for no very obvious reason, adopted. The execution of these commissions for the stadtholder brought Rembrandt into acquaintance and correspondence with two men of higher standing than most of his accustomed friends—the secretary, Huyghens, and the paymaster-general, Uytenbogaert. It is in a letter to Huyghens that Rembrandt uses the phrase we have quoted about having attained, in the last two pictures of the series, the expression of the "most and most natural movement" which he had yet compassed. The comment on his words is to be found especially in the subject of the "Resurrection," in which, with a singular and rude audacity of conception, he has figured the angel hovering with expanded wings, and violently, yet without effort, heaving up by one end the cover of the tomb, from which the guards, who have been asleep beside or upon it, are hurled toppling confusedly, their armor glinting in the gleam of the angelic brightness, while the head and body of Christ raise themselves feebly, with an action like that of Lazarus, and still wrapped in their cerements out of the tomb, and the Maries are to be discerned in the obscure foreground gazing with amazement at the miracle. As an example of the same partiality for suddenness and violence of action, and an example which does not shock, as that we have just quoted would shock but for the mystery which enshrouds the action, the "Binding of Samson," belonging to the same period, is conspicuous. Of this picture, treated nearly in life size, there are two versions, one in private possession at Vienna, and one in the gallery at Cassel. M. Vosmaer is surely unfortunate when he compares a version of the same subject at Brunswick, which is the work of a pupil, Jan Victor, and asks whether the same Victor cannot have been



the painter of the scene as figured at Cassel. The design of Victor is in truth conspicuous for coldness and artificiality, that of Rembrandt for an amazing dramatic force and energy. Three mailed warriors have seized the shorn giant within a cave; he has fallen backwards, wildly kicking, upon one who grasps him with both arms about the throat; another, bearing down with all his weight the resistance of the prisoner's elbow, clutches his beard with the left hand and slashes out an eye with the right; a third manacles his right wrist; a fourth, fantastically dressed in brigand red, stands projected against the opening of the cave, and threatens the overpowered foe with his partisans; while a white-vestured Delilah, holding out the shears in one hand, and the shorn locks in the other, looks down with a victorious smile as she flits from the presence of her deed into the daylight.

But we must not pause over the description of individual works. In the year of Rembrandt's first commissions for the stadtholder a new influence entered for the first time into his life. In 1632 he had lost his father, and thenceforth began to sign with his full name, instead of with the monogram signifying Rembrandt Harmensz. Several etched portraits of his mother in her widowhood suggest that at this time he may have joined her for a while at Leyden. In 1633 he fell in love with Saskia, the orphan daughter of a jurist and politician of repute, Rombertus van Uylenburg, and married her in the summer of 1634. She brought him no inconsiderable fortune, and the marriage was in all points prosperous. For the next eight years Saskia fills a great place in the life and the art of Rembrandt. He drew, etched, painted her in every mode and guise. Of all these likenesses of his bride, the most charming at once for expression and simplicity is the drawing of her in a broad-brimmed hat, with her cheek resting on her hand, made, as would seem from a writing in his own hand at the foot, three days after their first betrothal, and now preserved in the Museum at Berlin. In too many of his painted portraits he either spoils the charm of his work by endeavoring to fix some dimpled laugh or other too fugitive expression, as in the early example at Dresden, or else, as in the profile picture of the same year at Cassel, he produces a splendid and fascinating result, but one which depends more upon the magic rendering of pearls, brooches, and feathers, a masquerading costume of crimson velvet and

jewellery, than upon any convincing fidelity or directness of likeness. From the best of the paintings, however, and from a number of etched likenesses, some of them in the masquerading vein, but others of entire simplicity, we are well enough able to realize the glowing fair complexion, the gold-brown hair, with its wandering ringlets about ear and cheek, the open looks, the maidenly, and in due course the matronly, sweetness and content of Saskia. A picture at Dresden of 1640 shows her in her ripest bloom; in one, probably of the next year, at Antwerp, she looks sweet but a little worn and fragile; one or two most touching sketches upon copper seem to be the record, taken at her bedside, of an illness which presently carried her away. A picture at Berlin, dated 1643, shows her, if this indeed be Saskia, in the somewhat altered form and feature in which she was present to the widower's memory afterwards.

The year of Saskia's death, 1642, had been the year of Rembrandt's great civic picture, to the fame and the phantasmagoric strangeness of which we have made allusion already. Banning Kock, the captain of the company whose sally to the shooting match had been thus transfigured upon canvas, was not satisfied with the fidelity of his own portrait, and had recourse to a less poetic painter for another version of his features. We do not again encounter in Rembrandt's work such an instance of the conflict, to use M. Fromentin's very just phrase, which this picture exhibits in an extreme degree, and most of the portraits of Saskia had exhibited more or less, between the man of visionary ideals and the man of facts and realities that existed side by side in Rembrandt. Subjects of Scripture and fancy continue to give scope to the one element in his nature, and portraits to the other. His manner becomes more large and daring, and he begins to effect his blendings and breakings of tints and tones with one another by means which look rough and strange at a near view, and only fall into harmonious significance as you draw back. His wife's death made no difference in his industry or his habits of life. He seems to have continued to live with his children in the large house in the Breedstraat, in which, after several migrations, he had been for some years settled, and in which he was accustomed to accommodate his pupils, if we may trust the gossip reported from one of them at second hand, in studios separately partitioned off, that there might be the less danger of their losing



their individuality and failing to show of what their native powers were capable.

Each year adds its regular tale of Bible compositions, portraits, studies of character and costume, both etched and painted. To these are added the new element of landscape. The first dated landscapes in Rembrandt's work belong to the years immediately preceding his wife's death (the signature and date 1636 on a little panel at Cassel are plainly spurious); and landscape forms for the twelve years following a constant branch of his practice. Coupling this fact with the fact that these were also the years of Rembrandt's closest friendship with the wealthy amateur and man of letters, Jan Six, Mr. Haden hazards the conjecture that Rembrandt at this time lived in part at least at Six's country-seat at Elsbreeck. But there are no adequate grounds for such a conjecture, which for the rest seems inconsistent with Rembrandt's close avocations as a painter and teacher of painting.

To dwell for a moment on the character of Rembrandt's work in landscape — between the ordinary sentiment of his etched and of his painted landscapes, there is a curious discrepancy. In the former class, with a very few exceptions, Rembrandt is content to record his impressions of the level and uneventful scenery near his adopted city; expressing, with a perfect precision and subtlety, a justice and distinction of touch which are exclusively his own, the shadowy softness of a foreground copse, the trending sinuosity of a sunken lane, the gabled picturesqueness of farm buildings beside a sea wall, the perspective of level fields or gentle undulations diversified with a cottage here, a windmill there; the poetry of pastoral meadows and intersecting channels, of horizons peopled with the distant spires of a merchant city, or bounded by the scarcely discernible barrier line of the sea. It is only in an exceptional piece like "The Three Trees" that Rembrandt tries in etched landscape effects of anything like epical power and gloom. But in his painted landscapes — and they are not numerous — epical power and gloom are the rule. He plants a dark monumental windmill upon a dark and lofty bank, and conducts along the stream that rounds its way beneath them a reflected solemnity of sunset; or he dreams of mountain distances, and intervening valleys overhung with sullen masses of cloud, through which a gleam falls here and there upon peopled hamlets and travelled roads of men. His prevailing landscape color is a darkly glowing brown, and

it is only by exception that he suffers a blueness in the sky, or in the fields a gleam of verdure.

In the portraits painted by Rembrandt of himself, in the years following his wife's death, and notably in the etched portrait beside a window, of the year 1648, we observe that he has discarded the fripperies of a former time, and depicts himself as a sober citizen in every-day attire. In portrait, as in landscape, the quality of his line upon the copper grows with every year more assured, telling, and concise; and this is the time of some of his most perfect and interesting engraved portraits, as those of Jan Six, with its admirable life in pose, countenance, hair, its masterly contrast of indoor mystery and outdoor daylight; as well as those of the Jew doctor, Ephraim Bonus, the painter Asselyn, and the picture-dealer Clement de Jonghe. This is also the time of the masterpiece among his Bible etchings, the great plate of "Christ healing the Sick;" in which the just enthusiasm of posterity has not known whether to admire most the conduct and mystery of light and shade, or the profound and moving quality of invention in the groups that encompass the Saviour; the disputatious and supercilious Pharisees; the populace that believe and wait for the miracles to come; the maimed, the halt, the miserable, who have dragged themselves on crutches, or helped one another with tressels and barrows, to the feet of Christ, and point in piteous appeal to their afflictions; the wayfarers who have ridden in strange garb and on strange beasts of burden from afar at the report of the power of the healer.

In the mean time, while Rembrandt was bent upon the things of his art, troubles were preparing that he had not taken thought to prevent. With the passion of a collector, and with that dangerous idea that is apt to possess itself of ardent workers, that money spent upon the materials of their work cannot be spent extravagantly, he had filled his house from floor to ceiling with pictures of all schools, portfolios of the costliest engravings, costumes, specimens, casts, minerals, treasures of art, curiosity, and natural history in every kind. Already in Saskia's lifetime, whispers had gone abroad among some of her family that the couple were spending more than they ought. Such whispers they had indignantly repudiated, and even sued at law those who disseminated them. But almost at the same time we find Rembrandt pressing Huyghens for prompt payment on account of work done; and it is

clear that, though he was at this time in receipt of a large income from pupils and from the sale of his works, he was spending all that he earned, not, indeed, in vulgar extravagance, but on acquisitions of which he did not measure the extent or cost. Saskia, before her death, showed her confidence in his integrity by expressly leaving him in the enjoyment, subject to no restraint from trustees or otherwise, of her fortune, which in the event of his death or remarriage was to revert to his son Titus. Soon after 1650 we hear of loans and mortgages. By-and-by a scandal concerning an illegitimate child born to the painter by a servant-maid Hendrikje, results in a second marriage; and in order to raise the amount necessary to put Titus in possession of the property due to him in this event under his mother's will, Rembrandt has formally to declare himself bankrupt. The times were bad, the proceedings were long and tedious; the proceeds of a sale of Rembrandt's accumulations of personal property were miserably below their value. Nevertheless, when all was over, he was able to put his son in possession of the full amount of the inheritance due to him from his mother, and to begin life again in a new house, though parted from his treasures. To the inventory of these treasures, which has been published over and over again since it was first brought to light among the archives of the insolvent debtors' court, we are indebted for the possibility of realizing in full detail what had been the surroundings of Rembrandt's household existence in the days of his prosperity.

It is clear from the character of the house in the Rozenegracht of Amsterdam, to which Rembrandt removed after his disaster, and which M. Vosmaer has had the good fortune to identify, that he by no means, as has been sometimes represented, passed the remainder of his days in squalor. He had never been a seeker of society, or been himself sought by those who moved in literary and academic circles. But his misfortunes did not lose him the friends he had; and among these one at least, Jan Six, whose portrait he painted in the very year of his bankruptcy, 1656, was one of the most accomplished gentleman and scholars in Holland. Neither did these misfortunes at all interrupt the indomitable tenor of his industry. In the year of the bankruptcy Rembrandt painted, besides the portrait of Six, two at least of his best-conceived and most expressive Scripture scenes on a large scale, the "Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph,"

and the Frankfort version (there is another differently treated at St. Petersburg) of the "Parable of the Vineyard." The chief actual trace which Rembrandt's disasters have left in his art is to be found in the portraits which he engraved of a certain father and son, Haaring by name, who were officials of the insolvent debtors' court; and these are among the most masterly of his whole work.

That the latter years of Rembrandt's life were, nevertheless, more solitary, more depressed, and accompanied with less of recognition and respect than his earlier years, is certain. The tide of fashion was beginning to set against the native, the revolutionary manner of Dutch art, and in favor of classic graces from Italy and periwigged dignities from France. Many who had been carried away in earlier years by the force and originality of Rembrandt's own achievements, had now fallen away and made compromises in favor of academic principles. In the mean time Rembrandt's own temper and convictions became more defiant, and his artistic practice more daring and contrary to convention. A magnificent example of his best powers in this, which we have called the violent period of his practice, is the group, painted in 1661, of the "Syndics of the Drapers' Company at Amsterdam." Another example, gorgeous in Rembrandt's old key of crimson and orange, but bewildering, as we have said, at a near view by the roughness and calculated irregularity of its handling, is the anonymous family group, of a few years' earlier date, at Brunswick. Another most moving and most dramatic work, of which the date is given by M. Vosmaer as 1668, but with greater probability as 1658, by the compilers of the catalogue of the Darmstadt Gallery, where it is preserved, represents Christ bound to a column before his scourging. The National Gallery has a fine portrait of this latest manner of the master. But as the years go on, his works become few and far between. He had given up etching in 1661—among his last works in that kind being some studies of the female nude, in which no concession is made to the ideal graces, but which derive a real dignity from the force, the certainty, the austere frankness of their handling, their richness, color, and relief.

Of Rembrandt's death we know nothing, except what is recorded in a bald official entry, to the effect that he died on October 8, 1669, leaving behind him two children. All the offspring of his first marriage had died, we know, during his own lifetime;

but the mother of the children who survived him seems to have been a third wife, of whom nothing is recorded but the name, Catherina van Wijck. Among the last of all the paintings left by Rembrandt we still find portraits of himself. One of these, according to his old love for sudden and vivid expressions, exhibits him before his easel, maulstick in hand, turning to laugh a toothless laugh of the keenest merriment at some one who comes in and accosts him. But we prefer to think of him as he appears in certain other portraits, in battered, but not ignoble age, his head covered with a cap or white cloth, his looks intently levelled upon what is before him, his rough face wearing the dignity and power of those whose thoughts have been set, not on small ambitions or transitory successes, but upon the disinterested pursuit of an ideal. And to the ideal within him Rembrandt had in truth been faithful. He had made slips, had mismanaged his affairs, had ended his days obscurely; but he has left an honorable as well as an immortal name. He had not been mean—the old stories about his grasping temper are well disproved now, and when we find him helping his kinsfolk at Leyden, as their business declines from bad to worse, we seem to trace a part of the causes of his own impoverishment. He had not been unkind—witness his wife's dying proof of love and confidence. He had been whimsical, fantastic, stubborn, caring less for the company of the learned and highly bred, excepting a very few who sought him out, than for that of a group of plain craftsmen and citizens like himself—printsellers, jewellers, writing-masters, and some of the less famous and less courted among his brother painters. His manners had no doubt been rough, and his answers sometimes blunt and strange. He makes no such chivalrous figure in history as is made by many of the great artists in Italy, or even by his Flemish contemporaries, Rubens and Vandyck. Even in his best days with Saskia, the semblances which he has left us of himself vary between the aspect of masquerading picturesqueness, as in instances too numerous to record, and the aspect of somewhat plebeian jollity, as in the well-known drinking picture at Dresden. The only portrait in which he presents himself as really and simply a gentleman, is that admirable one in the National Gallery of the year 1640, painted with a fusion and softness almost like those of Correggio, as well as with an inner glow and force of flesh-color that are all his own.

But, gentleman or not, smooth in his dealings with his fellow-men or rough, Rembrandt had seen his own goal and reached it. At the dawn of modern art, he had given proof and earnest of faculties in the modern spirit which have not again found equally potent utterance. By his treatment of light and shade, he had conquered for painting a new kingdom in the world of visible facts and of their poetry. By his treatment of action and expression he had conquered for it a new kingdom in the world of human character and life. And yet his system of light and shade is too strange, and his version of human existence too devoid of beauty, for us to regard him as having solved any of the problems of modern art for good. One possible solution, indeed, he has offered, and such is the force of genius that in his own works we find ourselves not only impressed but satisfied with it. But in the work of others whom he immediately inspired we find the same solution deeply unsatisfying. Several of the painters of Rembrandt's pleiad may approach him, as portrait painters, in force and glow; one or two, Eeckhout or Fabritius for instance, may occasionally catch some of the pathos and intensity of their master in religious scenes. But as a rule we are chiefly struck, in the works of this group, by what is forced in their chiaroscuro, by what is cold and strained in their action, by what is vulgar in their types and fantastic in their costumes. The truth is, that the achievement of Rembrandt must rather be regarded as a great experiment than as a great example. From him, we accept what he chooses to give; but we cannot accept from others, or for good, painting in which daylight is sacrificed to chiaroscuro, and beauty to character and pathos. Neither can we allow that the art of Rembrandt, as some allege, is the only Christian art worth the name. Nay, if it is the business of religious painting to make the objects of adoration adorable, surely the masters of the old tradition were right to do this by investing them with beauty and majesty. Shapes of bodily perfection, countenances of power and charm, raiment of splendor, paradisaical skies and flowers—these visible prerogatives are the highest which it is in the power of painting to dispense; and to dispense them is in the power of painting only. Rembrandt lived among a people that knew not beauty nor majesty, and in an age when the power of the old tradition had gone irretrievably by. It is his glory that he knew how to move, how to impress, by the exhibition of

the aspects of physical gloom and spiritual abasement, almost as much as these others by the exhibition of the aspects of physical radiance and spiritual exaltation. But his achievement is no reason for making light of theirs. His work, in religious art as in other things, is in the nature of an alternative and an experiment — an alternative of genuine value — an experiment of the deepest interest; and it is his glory to have added a new and most striking chapter to that inexhaustible history, the history of human ideals.

---

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SIR SAMUEL went for a long drive the next morning, and did not take Amabel and Delia with him. He went to a hotel in a town about twelve miles off, and there met a man from a "private inquiry office," — a man whom he had sent for from London.

He wanted to have a certain woman found for him. He would give a handsome sum to those who could put her in communication with him; and they might offer any sum that was necessary to induce her to appear.

He began, of course, by giving her a wrong name.

Her name was Hannah Snaith; she was a widow. She was a nurse when first he met with her, and after that she had lived nearly twelve years as an upper servant in the family of his nephew, the Rev. Felix de Berenger. She left clandestinely, and telegraphed to the family many hours after her departure, to say that they need not expect to see her again.

"Did she leave her place through any fault?"

He did not think so.

"Had she left anything behind her — books, clothes, letters?"

That he did not know.

"Well, Sir Samuel, if you should hear that a friend of Mrs. Snaith's is making inquiries about her in the village and at the rectory, you will not be uneasy. Anything that I gather up you will learn of me by letter from a distance, and nobody hereabouts will know that you had anything to do with my inquiries."

Sir Samuel then had his luncheon, and drove home again; but before he reached his gates, a man, travelling by railroad,

walked down the village, and called at the back door of the rectory.

Mrs. Jolliffe opened it, and he asked for Mrs. Snaith's address.

Mrs. Jolliffe was sorry she could not give it. Was he a friend of Mrs. Snaith's?

"Yes, he was very much her friend. He wanted to tell her of something to her advantage. In fact, if he was not mistaken, an advertisement would come out in the *Daily Telegraph* the next day, setting forth that if Hannah Snaith, lately in the service of the Rev. F. de Berenger, would apply to —, and certain friends named in the advertisement, she would hear of something to her advantage."

Mrs. Jolliffe was deeply interested. "If you'd put it in an Ipswich paper, now," she observed, "instead of a London one, 'twould have been more likely to meet her eye."

"You think so?"

"Yes, because she always took an Ipswich paper."

Here was a valuable clue. Mrs. Jolliffe would by no means have given it, if she had known that this man wanted to find Mrs. Snaith, whether she would or not.

The man felt his way. "Ah, true, it would have been better. An Ipswich paper? Which was it, I wonder? There are mostly two, one on each side." He seemed to be questioning more with himself than with Mrs. Jolliffe. "When there's a nice little sum of money lying ready for her, it seems hard she should miss it, just for the sake of not knowing."

Mrs. Jolliffe asked him in; and out of a drawer in the adjoining room forthwith produced several copies of the *Suffolk Chronicle*.

"She was a widow?"

Mrs. Jolliffe's manner became cold and rather stiff. "She was very respectable; I should judge she was a widow. But if you are an old friend, I should judge you should know."

"Did she leave anything behind her — clothes, letters, books, or what not?"

"Yes, everything she had."

"Could you let me see them?"

"Certainly not, sir, unless Mr. de Berenger knew of it."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of putting you to the inconvenience of asking him."

"You can keep the old newspapers, sir, if you like. Do you think the money is coming to her from Australia?"

"Why should it?"

"Well, to be sure, she never said she had friends out there; but, then, she was a close woman — wonderfully close."

"Well,"—taking out a pencil—"I shall advertise for her in the Ipswich papers, as you think she came from those parts."

"I never said a word of the sort, sir."

"But if her letters chiefly came from there?"

"If you'll believe me, sir," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "she never had a letter from year's end to year's end."

"It's usual to put in the maiden name as well, in an advertisement of that sort. Let me see—how did she spell it?"

"I thought you said you was an old friend," said Mrs. Jolliffe; "and you seem to know less about her than I do. Well, I don't rightly remember how she spelt it."

The man looked angry. "I shouldn't have thought you would have stood in the light of your friend," he said; but he did not like to ask what the name was.

Now, Mrs. Jolliffe was not very great at her spelling, but, feeling herself reproved, she found a way out of her difficulty. "I have no call that I see to go over every letter of it to you," she observed; "if I just tell you it was Goodrich, you may write it down yourself and make the best you can of it."

Having said this, she immediately felt angry with herself, remembering afresh that it was odd this "old friend" should not know more concerning Mrs. Snaith.

"Then you think you cannot help me any further?" said the man, blandly, but by no means intending to go.

"I don't see but what you can find any woman by as much as I have told," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "if she wants to be found."

"And why should she not want to be found?"

"How should I know? I never heard a word breathed to her disadvantage," said Mrs. Jolliffe, shortly. "I suppose you'll say next that I told you she wanted to hide herself."

After this nothing prospered with the visitor. He soon put Mrs. Jolliffe into a good temper again, and induced her to talk of Mrs. Snaith, but she either could not or would not say any one thing that was of the least use to him.

He went away, knowing, through Mrs. Jolliffe, no more than this of Mrs. Snaith: that her maiden name was Goodrich, that she had no correspondence even with her nearest relatives, and that she took in a newspaper called the *Suffolk Chronicle*.

The copies of this paper which had been presented to him, had all arrived during the time that Mrs. Snaith had been at the

seaside. After anxious scrutiny the man decided that there was nothing in them that could help him, and he left the neighborhood for the present.

Sarah de Berenger was to dine with the old baronet that evening, as well as Amias. She entertained him as they drove over with remarks on the sums of money that Felix gave away in his parish. "I suppose he will never leave off while I live."

Amias smiled.

"Of course I shall *tie it up*," she continued.

"Tie what up, aunt?" said Amias, purposely not understanding her.

"Why, the property, of course. Felix is no man of business. Yes! Dear fellow, he must let my house; and I shall take care to leave all proper directions for his guidance in my will."

"Do, when you *make* it, aunt! I don't believe you ever have made one yet," said Amias, smiling.

"What!" exclaimed Sarah. "Never? What can you be thinking of?"

"You best know whether what I thought was correct," answered Amias. "And it is no business of mine."

"I cannot imagine what put such an idea in your head. Yes!"

"Oh, I always think so when people talk often of their wills," said Amias.

"Why, there are the two girls walking in the park, when it's just dinner-time."

"And why not?" answered Sarah.

"There is a dinner-party to-night, and of course they cannot be present; they are not *out*."

So this was the occasion that he had pictured to himself in such glowing colors. A family party of five. Sir Samuel drawing out the two girls and delighting in their girlish talk—in Delia's little affectionate audacities, and Amabel's sweet modesty. He should sit and look on, and then afterwards, when they retired in his Aunt Sarah's wake, would come the great opportunity. He should be left alone with Amabel's grandfather, and should ask leave to make himself agreeable to this fairest creature. And she was not *out*—not to sit at the dinner-table. Oh, what should he do? How ridiculous his request would appear!

Sarah was placed at the head of the table, and a good many guests were present, all of whom seemed to Amias to be more or less stupid.

He was not to see Amabel, and nothing that Felix had said produced such an effect on him as this proof of what the world thought concerning his sweet little



schoolgirl. But she would be in the drawing-room after dinner. Yes, there she was, she and Delia, in white muslin frocks and blue sashes; she certainly did look rather young, among the young lady guests.

She and Delia were told to play a duet, and she was decidedly shy about it.

"Poor Sir Samuel!" murmured one stately dame to another.

The answer floated back to her so softly, that Amias wondered it could reach him, though he alone of the guests was standing near. "Lovely creatures! I think he has made up his mind. He *will* introduce them, you'll see."

Amias heard this, and understood all that it implied, with an almost unbearable pang. The deep disadvantage so slightly hinted at, weighed his spirits down. Did every one take it for granted, then? He had thought, when he thought about it, that their retired bringing-up had kept them out of all unkindly observation; he was bitterly angry with their grandfather for the moment. Here they were for the first time, and two women of rank, belonging to the chief families in the county, were familiarly hinting at their supposed position, as if everybody knew all about it.

For the first time in his life a kind of faintness and giddiness oppressed Amias, that made him long for air. He stood perfectly still for two or three minutes, gathering strength and steadiness to move; then, just as he observed that his old uncle's attention was attracted to him, he turned toward the nearest window and got out into the flower-garden. He walked quickly through it, amazed to find that he was denouncing his uncle, and those ladies, and John de Berenger, and his Aunt Sarah aloud; that his passion was quite beyond his own control, and yet that he was trembling all over, even to the lips, so that the angry words, that came thick and fast, were so confused that he hardly knew them, any more than he did the husky voice, for his own.

He got over that stage of feeling as he walked vehemently on. This had been a stunning blow. And yet what was it more than Felix had hinted at the previous evening? Oh, it was this more,—that then they had seemed to have the subject all to themselves, as if it was or might have been sacred from all other observation, and at least more likely than not to yield comfort on investigation.

And now this painful thing had met with him in a drawing room, so gently, so dis-

passionately uttered, that it seemed to admit of no denial.

Whether truth or fiction, it was a familiar opinion. Lady Lucy did not doubt that Lady Anne would understand her allusion. Lady Anne saw nothing dubious in the situation. As Sir Samuel had been silent, was it not manifest that there was nothing to say? Not that she thought so just then; the neighborhood had settled the matter years ago.

So much for letting things drift. He almost put himself in a passion again as he thought this over, and urged his way along the straightest drive in the park, walking at the top of his speed as if to get away from it. And how should he get away? He could not bear to think she should ever know what was said. He would emigrate with his darling; he would expatriate himself, that no disadvantage might ever attach to her or to their children. But what if she should find it out, and the thought should distress and sully her maiden heart?

How powerless he was! What should he do? He had walked beyond the confines of the park before he came to himself. His passionate emotion was over. He wondered at them all, at their inconceivable inertness and obtuseness. Nothing had been said, as was evident, and no awkward questions were ever asked; but these circumstances ought alone to have been enough to show what was felt.

His heart bled. It would be better for him to give up all hope. Sir Samuel was no fool; he did know, and know the worst.

He got back to the same open window that he had left, just as the last carriage full of guests drove off in the mild summer moonlight. Sir Samuel met him, seemed to have been waiting for him.

Servants were in the room, putting out the lights in the chandeliers. One preceded them into Sir Samuel's own study, carrying a lamp. Amias sank into a chair, and the moment they were alone, "What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter, Amias? You staggered out of the room!" exclaimed Sir Samuel. "A walk at this time of night, and such a walk—and now you look—What is it, my dear fellow?"

There was alarm and there was wonder in the voice.

"You are ill; you want some wine."

"No, I don't," said Amias. "Let me alone, uncle."

There was a knock at the door, and Sarah de Berenger came in. Both she



and Amias were to sleep that night at the hall. Sarah said she wanted some letter-paper; the note-paper in her bedroom was not large enough for her purpose. Amias was sitting listlessly, with hands in his pockets, pale, and his great brown eyes wider open than usual; but the shaded lamp made these circumstances less evident, or Sarah's mind was full of other things, for she scarcely noticed his presence. She took a few sheets of paper and withdrew to her own room, and then and there she made her will for the first and only time.

Amias put his hand to his throat; his lips were dry and parched.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, with sympathetic gentleness.

"Matter!" repeated Amias. "Matter, uncle! You have let me love Amabel and never told me."

Sir Samuel gazed at him.

"How could you be so cruel!" he continued, in a husky voice. "Not that it makes any difference. I would, I must have loved her just the same, but you might have given me warning; I should have been prepared." He spread out his hands before him, as if to express his helplessness.

Sir Samuel thought of his own morning interview at the hotel with confused alarm. Could the man possibly have come back and told Amias anything?

He brought his nephew a glass of water from a carafe which was standing on the table, and gave it to him with a trembling hand. "What have you heard?" he muttered.

Amias mastered himself and told it.

Then Sir Samuel put himself into just such a passion as Amias had done, and reddened to the roots of his white hair. He too denounced everybody he could think of, but it seemed to Amias mere bluster; the conviction had so thoroughly forced itself on him during his walk that his uncle must have investigated everything.

"Only tell me what I have to hear at once," he said, and was amazed at himself when he heard a sound of sobbing, which he scarcely knew to be his own, till he felt the hot tears splashing on his hands.

"I have nothing certain to tell, Amias, my boy," said the old uncle, almost piteously.

"What, all your investigations have been fruitless?"

"No, Amias — no; but till this morning (there seemed no occasion) I never made any."

"Then it was true what Felix said!" exclaimed Amias, with scathing scorn. "You sat down in presence of this doubt, and grudged the money to be spent on giving a name to your own granddaughter." He was choked here with both emotion and passion, but astonishment enabled him to subdue the one and swallow the other, when the old man took out his handkerchief and wept quietly, sitting opposite to him, and finding for some moments not a word of answer.

"It's true, Amias," he said at last humbly and despondingly. "I don't understand how it was, but I did let things drift; only you must remember I might have solved the doubt the wrong way. I might —"

This seemed to Amias now so more than likely, that it brought him to reason again.

"Uncle, I beg your pardon," he sighed out, for it distressed him to see the old man so utterly subdued. "I had no right to be so violent. The wrong you have done is not against me, but against them, and against yourself. How could you know — sweet creature! — that I loved her?"

"And it will be a great blow to my dear little girl if she hears this opinion. She is a very modest girl, and very religious."

"Yes, I know."

"She will be greatly shocked if she hears that her mother was a disgrace to her. But I hope for the best. She is almost a child. There is ample time for the uttermost to be done that can be done, Amias, before you can come forward; and though you have confided your love to me, I hold you to nothing, considering the circumstances."

"I meant to ask you for her," said Amias; "and hoped to show you that, though she was somewhat above me, I had reasonable hope of being able to maintain her in comfort by the time she was old enough to bless me with her hand. But if she is a poor little waif, that a man may take and thank no father, but only God, for her, I desire no more of you than that you take her and her sister quite away from this neighborhood, and put them to a good school, so that all knowledge that would be bitterness to them is kept far away. In the mean time, I shall try to get something to do abroad, in Canada, or — well, I hardly know where I can go that ill news may not reach her. She may boast of her family, and bring out the truth, but I'll do my best."

"It's not the time to say that I should be well pleased, if all proves right, to give her to you" — began Sir Samuel.

"Yes, it is, uncle," interrupted Amias. "I feel more glad of the regard that I know you feel for me, than I ever did before. I know very well that you are the only human being that can truly sympathize with me now."

"And if there's anything in reason, or not in reason, that I can settle on her, to make it up to you" — and then he paused, suddenly remembering the affair of the necklace.

"I don't want anything," said Amias, pointedly. "Spend her fortune in finding me a good mother for her."

Extraordinary as it may seem, this speech actually raised the old man's spirits. Though he knew that some of his descendants must have his money, having to settle anything, even on his favorite Amabel, during his lifetime, he could not contemplate without a pang. He would have done it; but to be told it was not needed was balm.

Amias sat a few minutes, getting the mastery over himself and recovering his manhood; but the side issue raised about the money had a strange attraction for the poor old man.

"She has a trifle of her own already," he said; "and people are never the worse for beginning on small means."

"And she has never been accustomed to luxury. Then you have begun some investigations? What are they?" asked Amias.

Sir Samuel told him. But Amias wanted a mother, not a nurse. He wanted an unimpeachable marriage register, and proposed that such a sum should be offered as would have set every parish clerk in the three kingdoms searching or forging; then he wearily gave it up, remembering that, if it brought nothing else, it would bring the most undesired publicity.

It was very late when the old great-uncle and Amias went, each his way, to his own apartment. Sir Samuel spent a miserable night, reviewing his own past conduct, wondering at himself, and not at all aware that the instinct of avoiding all outlay of money was so strong in him, that if parallel circumstances should occur, he would do the like thing again, in spite of this warning. Amias had exhausted himself, as much by exertion as by expression, and he slept profoundly.

He was just about to go down to breakfast the next morning, when his aunt's maid knocked at his door, and said Miss

de Berenger begged that he would go first to a little morning-room that she always had the use of when she was at the hall.

He found his aunt there, and Sir Samuel. "Yes," said Sarah, looking very much flustered, and not a little important, "I wanted you to witness the signature of this document for me, Amias — in short, my will."

Sarah's will was such a joke in the family, that, in spite of their discussion the night before, Sir Samuel and Amias exchanged amused glances on hearing this.

She tossed back her curls. "Yes, and Peach" — Peach was her old maid — "Peach shall be the other witness."

So then, with as many flourishes and as much fuss as could be got out of the occasion, the document was duly signed and witnessed.

"I deliver this," said Sarah, with awful emphasis, "as my act and deed."

Peach, as nobody else spoke, murmured, "Very well, ma'am."

Then the document was sealed up in a large envelope by Sir Samuel, who carried it down-stairs. Sarah, Amias, and Peach followed. The latter seemed to think that she had not done with it yet. Sir Samuel opened an iron safe, and put in the document. Peach looked on, and when she saw it lying in state among several other documents, on a little iron shelf, she appeared satisfied, and, curtsying, withdrew.

Sarah followed, to tell her on no account to mention what had happened.

"This time," said Sir Samuel, "she can have left nothing to you, Amias, my boy. I am sorry. How many wills does this make, I wonder?"

"One," answered Amias, decidedly. "And I think she has left her property to Felix; she intimated to me yesterday that she should."

"Well, so long as she leaves it to one of you, I do not care; but, last week, she talked of building a fine new spire for D—— minster."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER breakfast that morning the two girls were sent out for a ride, under charge of an old coachman, and Sarah was fetched into Sir Samuel's own peculiar den, which he called his study, that she might tell him, in the presence of Amias, all she could remember as to her first finding of Amabel and Delia. To describe her delight when she found that there was a love-story going on under her very eyes, and to describe the trouble she gave, both to the old man and the young man, would

be needlessly to try the patience of any other man, or woman either. She yielded up her testimony with so much besides; she doubled back on what she had told with so many confusing comments; she took so much for granted, and she was so positive in all her conclusions, that it was not till Amias took a large sheet of paper, and, sifting out the bare facts, wrote them down, that even Sir Samuel knew on what a slender foundation he had taken for granted that Amabel and Delia were his granddaughters. But Sarah, though to the last degree romantic and unpractical, had an accurate memory, and was not untruthful. She was vexed, even to the point of shedding tears, when Amias, having done questioning her, asked Sir Samuel if he would stand an examination also; and she could not help seeing that Amias was yet more anxious to prove that the children were no relation at all to her, than she had ever been to show the contrary.

Sir Samuel was very direct and straightforward.

Amias read over his own selections from the evidence, and his countenance cleared.

"The matter seems to stand thus," he said. "Aunt Sarah saw two little girls at the seaside, forty miles from her home. Their name was De Berenger. She asked if they were John's children; their nurse declared that they were not—that they were no relation whatever to our family. The nurse took them away. Two years after this Aunt Sarah saw them again, with the same nurse, who told the same story. Aunt Sarah after this wrote and urged the nurse to bring them here. The nurse did so; but she told Jolliffe she came in order to get away from scarlet fever, which was in a village where she had been living with them. She always said she had the sole charge of them. Aunt Sarah told Uncle Samuel of them, and he went to see them. The nurse declared to him also that they were not related to him, and that he owed them no kindness at all. She professed not to have heard of such a person as Mr. John de Berenger; but during the same interview she proposed to get a letter forwarded to him, and did it. Three years after this she gave over to Felix the money that had been entrusted to her for their maintenance, and he became their guardian. The nurse declared that the children were born in wedlock, and that she could easily prove it if she pleased.—Now, said Amias," after reading aloud, "have you, uncle, or have you, aunt, anything to add to this?"

Sir Samuel said "No." Miss de Beren-

ger added a good many opinions and sentiments, and also some reproaches to Amias.

"But have you any fact to add?" he persisted.

"Yes, the fact that Felix believes they are John's children."

"But you made him think so, aunt. And why are these sweet and lovely creatures to have their status in society taken from them, and their honest descent called in question, that you may indulge a romantic fancy, after dragging them here that their little fortunes might help to educate Dick, and eke out our housekeeping?"

"That is a very cruel way of putting it, Amias," said Sarah, wiping her eyes, "as well as depriving my dear uncle of his grandchildren."

"If they are the grandchildren of this house," said Amias, "let the grandfather prove it; but, till then, all justice and mercy make it incumbent on us, not to give them the benefit of the doubt, but of the positive and repeated assertions of this woman that they are not related to us at all."

"How could she get a letter sent to John if she knew nothing about him?"

"I have known for years that my cousin John had communication with people here. He wanted sometimes to hear about his father, and one or two other people."

"Who told you that?" asked Sir Samuel, pleased to think that his much-loved son should have cared to hear of him, and not thinking much about those "other people."

"Jolliffe knew it, uncle. I have heard her hint over and over again, that such and such things would be known to Mr. John very shortly."

"And you never told me," cried Sir Samuel.

"I was a mere child, uncle, and I cannot say I had any distinct idea that you did not know his address; besides, children seldom or ever do tell things that they suppose to be matters of secrecy."

"There was always known to be a mystery about those children," Sarah now said. "Yes, you must admit that there was great secrecy, Amias. They know nothing whatever about their parents, and the nurse told nothing excepting—yes, she told that she brought them from London. She told it to the woman whose lodgings I first saw her in."

"Why should they not have been the children of some petty London tradesman, then—a baker, a greengrocer?" observed Amias.

"Why should they?" cried Sarah, very indignant at such a supposition.

"Let him alone, Sarah," exclaimed Sir Samuel; "he has as much right to his suppositions as we had to ours, and they are much kinder."

Amias turned to the old man. "Well, I thought it might be so, because the sum left for maintaining them is so small. The woman, dragged by you, Aunt Sarah, among people of superior class, may have felt that to have their antecedents known, would be a disadvantage to the children. This trumpery motive may alone have kept her silent. The mother might have been a dressmaker, and the father a cobbler, for anything we know."

"Precious creatures!" cried Sarah; "and here they come. They look like a petty tradesman's daughters, don't they?" And she rose and bustled out of the room to receive the girls. To do her justice, she had a keen and tender affection for them; they were the only young things that had ever fallen at all under her dominion, and besides, they were so pretty.

Sir Samuel looked at them. Delia's dimpled face was rosy with exercise, Amabel had her usual sweet pensiveness of expression. It seemed so suitable a look for the circumstances under discussion, if she had but known them. There was a portrait of John over the chimney-piece. Sir Samuel turned, and, leaning on the back of his chair, looked up at it. His deep and enduring affection for this favorite son had been one main reason for the interest he had taken in Amabel and Delia. He had pleased himself with the thought that they resembled John. Amias also looked up; remembered what a bad fellow John had been, acknowledged a certain likeness in hue and in delicacy of appearance, but not in beauty, expression, or grace. The portrait painter had done his best, but only the bereaved and unsatisfied affection of the father could have imparted anything noble and lovable to the commonplace face.

We all try to be merciful to the delusions that come of love. Amias felt a pang of pity when he said, "Uncle, I hope you have not thought me unkind?"

"No, Amias, no. You must think of yourself, and of them. I promised you they should go to school, and they must."

"And in the mean time we must make long investigations; then, if we are so happy as to bring them home as your granddaughters with a full and proved right to your name, you will not be more deeply thankful than I shall."

"The girls may know something about themselves that they never told us," observed Sir Samuel. "Who knows what the nurse may have said to them before she went away; or, indeed, what recollections they may have of their infancy?"

"Aunt Sarah is not the proper person to question them, and Felix would make a sad bungle of it; but, of course, it should be done."

A very delicate matter to manage. Do you want me to undertake it?"

"If you will."

But it did not prove half so difficult as might have been expected.

Soon after luncheon, Amias drove his aunt Sarah back to the rectory. All prudence and propriety now made him feel that to say anything decisive to Amabel was out of the question. She was to go to school. He must go to school, too—a much harder one. That she did not take leave of him without a fluctuating blush, and a good deal of agitation, he might well be pardoned for perceiving; for her feeling, whether it was disappointment, or maiden shyness, or presentiment of some deeper affection, was not successfully concealed.

They all, as by one consent, went into Sir Samuel's study, for there Sarah's pony-carriage could be seen, and Sarah, with her nodding feathers, and Amias. Then, when they were out of sight, and there was nothing to do, Delia asked if they might stay, and Amabel wanted to mend the pens; coz had taught her how to do them.

"Ah, and so you saw coz this morning?"

"Yes, because we wanted to hear whether there was any letter from Mrs. Snaith."

"And was there, my little girl?"

"No."

"Had she ever led you to expect that she should go and leave you?"

"When she was unwell, just before she went to the sea, she once or twice said things to Delia. She often said things to Delia."

"Ah, indeed! I wonder what they were?"

Delia was seated beside Sir Samuel, on a sofa; he had always petted her a good deal. She was now smoothing the top of his velvet sleeve with her little dimpled hand; pleased with its softness, she next laid her cheek against it. Sir Samuel looked down at her childlike, untroubled face, as she lifted it up. "I don't love anybody so much as you," she said; and

she leaned her cheek against his coat again, with a certain fondness by no means devoid of reverence. "But mamsey *always* said, 'The baronet is very kind to you, Miss Delia; but he has no call to be, unless he chooses.'"

The old story!

"Did she, my pet. And what answer did you make to that?"

"I said I should love you as much as I pleased; so did Amabel."

"And what was it that she said when she was ill?"

"She said she had had a vast deal of trouble in life, and sometimes she could hardly bear to think of it; we should be surprised if we could know what she had gone through. But if she ever had to leave us, we were to be sure she loved us all the same, and she hoped we never should forget her."

"And we never shall," Amabel put in; "but still, we did not suppose she would really go."

Sir Samuel was not at all interested either in the nurse's misfortunes or her affection. He brought the conversation round again, and said, in a cheerful voice, but with a pang at his old heart, "And so she said I had 'no call' to love you. Did she never tell you anything more?"

Delia's face took on a more tender expression, and Amabel said, "She told us once—a long time ago—something more. I was a little girl then, and I was ill. It was in the night, and I cried and said I wanted a mamma too, like other little girls, that she might pet me; and then mamsey cried."

"Well, tell me what else took place."

"Delia woke, and got into my bed to comfort me; and Mrs. Snaith cried a long time, and said she took it unkind that we should fret after a mother, when she had always been so kind to us. Then she said that our mother was not such a mamma as I had wished for. And she told us that our mother was not a lady."

Sir Samuel started in spite of himself. Surely this was bad news. He knew not how to ask any further question, but Amabel presently continued,—

"But she said it would be very shocking and very ungrateful to God if we were ever ashamed of her, of our poor mother (who had never done any wrong to us or to any one). And she should pray for us that we never might be."

"Did she tell you when your mother died?" asked Sir Samuel.

"No; but it must have been when we were almost babies, for neither of us re-

member her. Mrs. Snaith said, 'Your poor mother was a most unhappy wife; your father was not kind to her.'"

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is the very whole."

"Excepting about the picture," observed Amabel, in correction, and she looked up at the portrait over the chimney-piece. "When you were in London we came here once with Mrs. Snaith, and she saw it."

"Well? Speak, my dear."

"You should not have told that," said Delia, her face covered with blushes.

"I wish particularly to know what Mrs. Snaith said."

"It was rude, though."

"No matter."

"She said he was a shabby-looking little man, and had sloping shoulders."

Sir Samuel was wroth, and reddened.

"Well, what next?" he inquired.

"Delia whispered to her, 'Mamsey, did you ever see our father?'"

"Well, my dear little girl, go on."

"She said she had seen him, and he had a handsome face—a beautiful face—and a brown moustache." When Delia had said this she burst into tears, and when she had wiped them away, she pressed her cheek again against Sir Samuel's sleeves, and said, "But I wish we could be something to you *somehow*."

The brown moustache had plunged Sir Samuel afresh into his delusion. "John wore one," he thought, "some years after that portrait was taken, and when he was a more personable and finer man."

"Now listen to me, my dear little girls," he said cheerfully. "Are you quite certain that Mrs. Snaith never happened to mention to you what church or what town your mother and father were married in?"

"No, she never did."

"Did you never ask her any questions, my dears?"

"Yes, when Aunt Sarah told us."

"And what did she say?"

"Sometimes she would say, 'I am not half such a foolish woman as Miss de Berenger takes me for.'"

"Here the mystery crops up again," thought Sir Samuel. "What could that woman's motive be?"

"And so the main thing Mrs. Snaith told you, was that your mother was a good woman, but not in the same rank of life as your father."

He did not intend to misrepresent matters when he said this, and Delia answered, in all simplicity, "She used sometimes to make use of strange phrases, and she said —"



"Well, she said?"

"She said a true church parson put on your mother's ring, and you have no call to think about your father at all."

Sir Samuel here lifted Delia's sweet face and kissed it; then he kissed Amabel. "Unless I find out something more, and can prove that these dear children are mine, as they should be, or as they should not be, I have 'no call,' as that woman said, to give them anything." This was his thought. All his thoughts about money matters were serious, and almost solemn. How little he knew when he said this, that every morning of her life, when "that woman" prayed, she besought of God that he never might so mistake matters as to leave her children anything that ought not to come to them!

Her prayer was answered at that moment. Sir Samuel had received affection, and given it. He had received pleasure, and given it; so far all was fair. He had taken no trouble, and he was to give none. The only time he was ever to interfere in their concerns was to be for good.

And what about those investigations?

At first he paid money to make them, and they always failed. Where he heard that there were people of his own name, he looked them up; but as time went on he tried more and more to do this cheaply, and at last he first forbore them, and then justified it. For Amias was at work himself. Sir Samuel knew this, and why should the same thing be paid for twice over?

Amias left his brother the next morning without having said anything to him on this subject; he seemed to be in such low spirits, that Felix took for granted there had been some objection made by the old man to the proposed engagement. There might be another cause, and that Felix took care not to investigate.

Amias went away, and a few days after the two girls were brought home by Sir Samuel, who afterwards privately, to the great astonishment of Felix, said that he and Amias wished them now to spend a couple of years at school. He produced a cheque for so much more than Felix could have thought needful, and gave it with so much composure, that for a few minutes astonishment at the proposal was lost in astonishment at this unwonted conduct.

"I am not sure that I shall wish them to go," he said, after examining the cheque with deep but perfectly unconscious scrutiny. He had taken the children into his charge through the management of Sarah, he had gradually got used to them, then

become fond of them, and now they were almost his sole amusement and delight.

He expressed this to Sir Samuel, who in return, and not without putting himself into a passion over the story of what his two guests had said, related all that had passed, including what the two girls themselves had told him.

"Seven hundred pounds is a great deal to spend upon two years at school," said Felix, who was a good deal nettled at being thus set at nought, and expected to do exactly as other people chose—other people who had taken no trouble about the girls, and incurred no responsibility.

But the matter was soon so set before him, that he saw himself the wisdom of the step. The thing must be done, and in less than a month it was done. The most ample inquiries were made, the most excellent references required; a handsome outfit, with every little luxury and comfort, was bought for the girls under Sarah's superintendence, and Felix, after taking them to the lady who was to have the charge of them, found himself at home again, "monarch of all he surveyed," walking about his solitary garden, called in to his solitary meals, and wondering what to do with himself.

---

From The Popular Science Review.  
SOME FACTS AND THOUGHTS ABOUT  
LIGHT-EMITTING ANIMALS.

BY PROFESSOR P. MARTIN DUNCAN, M. B.  
LOND., F.R.S., ETC.

AFTER the glare of daylight has passed into night, during the warmest months of the year, countless little points of light are often to be seen on the turf and amongst the brake and underwood in the open country of the south of England. The light is distinct enough, and when scattered far and near over a hillside, is always a matter of wonderment to the observer who witnesses the sight for the first time. When curiosity impels any one to approach the little luminous points more closely, their "phosphorescent" gleam is evident enough, and the greenish white light glows. It increases and diminishes in its intensity, becomes bright and fades in a surrounding mistiness and again flashes out more brilliantly than ever. Hour after hour the green and white illumination persists, but if any one point be carefully watched, it will be observed to cease occasionally for a second or two, and often to move about. Towards the darkest hours the luminous

points become more numerous and brilliant; but midnight witnesses the paling of the light which "fadeth at the crowing of the cock."

Searching amongst the grass for the cause of this remarkable light, the hand feels no increase of temperature on approaching the objects which relate to it, and successful seeking discovers a cold, softish insect.

At the same time of the year, when the summer's sun has warmed the surface of the sea, the darkest nights during calm weather off the coasts of our islands are illuminated by fitful flashes of green, yellow, blue, and rarely red light, which, starting suddenly from one or two spots on the water, spread on all sides in coruscations, or in glowing ripples and increasing breadths, to cease as suddenly as they began. A boat glides into some quiet, dark harbor and sets the sea "afire;" every dip of the oar produces an extending circlet of light, every drop of spray is luminous, and adds to the sparkling as it falls, and the moving prow wells out little waves surging with tints of green and gold. Darkness, all the more intense by contrast, succeeds, to be again and again suddenly turned into transient light. In the offing, the sailors say the sea is "briny," and they watch the rippling radiance in their wake, and note the sudden gleams which, commencing at some disturbed spot of the surface, flash out on all sides. At anchor watch, whilst the night is as dark as pitch and the sea is hardly visible, the cable may often look white hot during the intervals of the faint illumination of the surface.

A bucket is lowered, and wood, ropes, hands and arms are alight with liquid heatless fire, and myriads of tiny globes may be seen occasionally in the water, intensely luminous. On going ashore up the wet sands, often enough every footstep is a focus of radiating glimmers, and remains luminous for a while.

These common sights, passed by by most people, are supremely interesting to the thoughtful, and they are the feeble northern extension of similar phenomena, which are grand indeed in the sub-tropical and torrid regions of the globe, and which, even at some depth in the great oceans, may relieve the eternal darkness. But even on the verge of the sea, Nature's pyrotechny is superb, and Neptune is jealous of Nox, for in the short hour or two between the summer's daylight, sprays, waves, and all they wash, are often intensely, long or momentarily, bright.

The dredge brings up, out of comparatively shallow water, actinozoa, which, hitherto buried up to their tentacular ring, are light-emitting. A diver sees a luminous spot on the submerged limestone rock he is examining, and finds a boring shell smeared with luminosity. The weary sailor, tired with the monotony and the great heat of the tropical day, peering into the depths near the coral banks of North Australia and New Caledonia, sees long tracks of wandering light, and wonders at the graceful evolutions and fierce attacks of the sea-snakes, lit up as they are with a fiery path. Or, dreamily watching, he marvels at the radiant course of the predaceous fish as they rise to the surface and rush beneath, after their prey. Some whalers, when the ship is hove to and gently rolling in the dark nights of the Southern Ocean, see the mighty monsters shoot up above the gleaming surface amidst a fountain of lurid phosphorescent spray, and fall splashing again and again in ponderous play, as if they loved to show their strength amidst showers and waves of light. Sights such as these are not the invariable accompaniment of the darkness far away in northern seas; for there the spreading phosphorescence of the surface often pales with the rising moon, or the display of the Aurora. But even then, mid-ocean becomes luminous as the tide carries the host of medusæ along. Even when the moon is at its full, and the sea is bright with its lustre, there is a world of light, deep down below the surface. Great domes of pale gold with long streamers, move slowly along in endless succession; small silvery discs swim, now enlarging and now contracting; and here and there a green or bluish gleam marks the course of a tiny but rapidly rising and sinking globe. Hour after hour the procession passes by; and the fishermen hauling in their nets from the midst, drag out liquid light, and the soft sea-jellies, crushed and torn piecemeal, shine in every clinging particle. The night grows dark, the wind rises and is cold, and the tide changes, so does the luminosity of the sea. The pale spectres below the surface sink deeper, and are lost to sight; but the increasing waves are tinged here and there with green and white; and often along a line, where the fresh water is mixing with the salt in the estuary, there is a brightness so intense that boats and shores are visible. But if such sights are to be seen on the surface, what must not be the phosphorescence of the depths? Every sea-pen is glorious in its light; in fact, nearly every

eight-armed alcyonian is thus resplendent; and the social *Pyrosoma*, bulky and a free swimmer, glows like a bar of hot metal, with a white and green radiance.

Just as in some places in England, the points of light on the turf may be seen, simultaneously, with the luminosity of the surface of the sea close by, so in the tropics, active and flying specks of brightness compete on shore with the diffused splendor off the coast. All this light, so vast in its world-wide amount, is heatless. Crowd it altogether, and a vast city might be illuminated without raising the thermometer probably many degrees, if at all; and all this vibration, this consequence of intensely rapid molecular motion, is the result of the energy of life.

The points of light on the turf of the south of England are produced by a beetle—the “glowworm,” *Lampanyris*; and the genus is world-wide in its distribution. The fireflies of the tropics are principally elater beetles, and others allied to them in classification; and there are hemiptera as well as myriopoda which add to the list. Our sea-surface illumination is due to myriads of *Noctiluca miliaris*, and the same and other species of the genus are world-wide. The minuter crustacea, the alcyonarians, medusæ, polyzoa, ophiurans, tunicata, annelida, and mollusca, add species to the luminous assemblage; and probably more than one hundred and fifty genera, most of which have numerous species which are prolific in individuals, are luminous under certain circumstances. It is possible that some fish noticed by Dr. Günther are phosphorescent in the deep sea.

The intensity and the color of the light emitted, differ with the genus, species, locality, and season, and certain species have a definite and peculiar light. The English glowworm has a misty-colored light, which is usually greenish; that of Italy is brilliantly blue; whilst the Australian species emits a pulsating light. The firefly of the West Indies glows with a very white light; but it is doubtful if the *Fulgora*, so often seen in books as the lantern fly, has a scarlet light, or any at all. The rapid coruscating flashes on the sea and on the sands, are now and then yellow or white, but rarely scarlet, or reddish, and are produced by crustaceans. Other insects in the tropics give out a deep blue and white light; and the Pacific islands hundred-legs produce a brilliant emerald green. *Noctiluca* gives out a greenish and often bluish light, and the medusoids vivid yellow, gold, green, blue, and white

tints. The sea-pens give out white as well as colored light; and that of the echinoderms is green. The green and white tints are the commonest colors, yellow is rare, and so are the reds and blues, whilst purples are unusual. The gorgonoids give out a beautiful lilac.

A very slight examination of the animals connected with these luminous phenomena, indicates that they are produced in different manners. For instance, *Noctiluca*, *Pholas*, and *Lampanyris*, are readily anatomized, and the source of the luminosity is found to differ in each. Hence it is important to consider some typical cases which illustrate the varieties of light-production.

Consider, first of all, *Noctiluca miliaris*, which is very common in the warm summer months all round the English coast and up the Humber and Bristol Channel. It is impossible to estimate the countless numbers of this minute, peach-shaped, flagellate infusorian in some parts of our seas. For instance, on the Essex coast some years since, I found every tumbler of sea-water taken out between the Gunfleet sands and the mainland, crowded with them; and most of the actively-moving, little gelatinous transparent things were larger than their standard of one-eighth of an inch in diameter. They move by means of a filiform tentacle, of the length of the diameter of the body, and about one eighteen-hundredth of an inch in its breadth, which is placed close to the opening of the so-called mouth. The tentacle is long and flat and has striations across it, but which appear to be beneath the delicate cuticle. A long, delicate, undulating fibril comes from the bottom of the oral cavity, and can be protruded and withdrawn, and close to it is a horny-looking, tooth-like body, one seven-thousandth inch high. The opening into the interior, or mouth, is the extremity of a funnel, which ends within, in the minutely-granular substance forming the bulk of the body, and which, if it were perfectly transparent and uniform, no part being differentiated, might be called protoplasm. This granular sarcoderm has spaces in it containing water, or vacuoles, one often being large, but they do not contract and enlarge like those of many protozoa. Radiating in meshes, which are coarse near the mouth and very minute and fibrillar near the outside, is a denser sarcoderm, and there are granules on the fibrils. These fibrillar meshes are enveloped in a minutely-granular sarcoderm, and they reach to just under the surface of the animal, ending in a clear protoplasmic

layer, which underlies the equally clear and transparent cuticle or cell-wall. Near the vacuolated part is a small nucleus, and it is evidently in relation with the fibrillar radiations; and there are occasionally nucleated cell-like bodies in the peripheral layer of protoplasm. As these are probably spores, it is not necessary to consider them. Now there is movement in the striated tentacle and in the long filamentous cilium, and there is amœboid streaming of granules on the radiating fibrils, but no change of general shape constantly occurs. The animal respire by its outer cell-wall, grows in size by additions to the finer granular parts, and the principal seat of this activity must be just beneath the cell-wall.

Now, on watching *Noctiluca* in captivity, one is struck by the very vivid light which it emits. It is a sudden flash, lasting but for a short time, and is repeated over and over again, some intermission being apparently inevitable and necessary. The light is greenish, and is produced not especially near the seat of tentacular and fibrillar movement, but just under the cell-wall. It arises from scores of minute, independent points, which scintillate and illuminate the rest: in fact, where respiration and assimilation are at their greatest, where the vital energy is in full action. Anything which increases this activity produces increase of the light, and the converse is true. Pure, highly aerated seawater, changed over and over again, adds to its brilliancy and persistence. Oxygen forced into the water produces more light, and the stimulation of fresh (non-saline) water at first does the same, but sooner or later it is destructive to the animal. Physical stimulation evidently acts on the light, and produces it for a time, and a constant illumination precedes death, when light ceases. The light diminishes *in vacuo*, and under the influence of carbonic acid gas.

Quatrefages experimented upon *Noctiluca*, and added alcohol; and this produced a definite continuous luminous ring, and then a general peripheral illumination, which lasted for a while and until death. Finally, it is well known that nets which have been dragged out of a sea crowded with *Noctiluca*, retain light-emitting powers until the meshes become dry. The sunlight has nothing to do with the luminosity of *Noctiluca*.

The spongiæ have not as yet been recorded as having luminous kinds, but the hydrozoa teem with them; and moreover the gift, so common in the planoblasts, is

found in some species in the stationary and vegetable animal. Probably nearly all medusæ are luminous, and notably the larger *Aurelia* and *Zygodactyla*, whose light is decided, although like a dim halo sometimes, but grandly golden at others, and especially when the creatures are broken by hauling in. Agassiz noticed that the blue tint of the seeming phosphorescence, was often due to a medusa, *Dysmorphosa fulgurans*, which breeds others from its proboscis, and thus readily adds to its vast numbers. On the other hand, the stem or trophosome, out of which *Obelia* is developed, has a pulsating light running up it, whilst the free-swimming disc is said to be non-luminous. The globular jelly-fish with paddles, or the ctenophora, so active in the sea, are brilliantly luminous, and it appears that many of the horny sertularians give out light. The luminous part of the medusæ is superficial when they are swimming and entire, and it appears to be restricted to the upper part of the umbrella, to the margin of the disc, and to the tentacles. But extreme irritation and tearing will develop light apparently everywhere, and the slippery semi-solid sarcode clings to everything, and is for a while luminous. It does not appear that the natural luminosity is greater underneath, where Schäfer has noticed radiating nerve-fibres, than on the top, where there is a delicate epithelium, whose flat cells contain minute points of fatty matter, and where no nerves have been found. The tentacles get luminous, and they are without any evidence of nerve, except perhaps where they start from the margin of the umbrella or disc. There is often much defined light at the so-called eye-spots at the edge of the disc, and it may be in relation to the epithelium there, related as this is to nerve. In the mass of the animal there is no highly differentiated protoplasm, but there is much of a low character, and it is all this that is so golden and white, when rupture has taken place. It is hard to believe that the nerves and fatty matters have anything to do with the luminous phenomena here, and certainly they have not in the trophosome of *Obelia*. Protoplasm, in a state of active nutrition, appears to be the seat of the movement which produces the light-wave.

It must be remarked that the great jelly-fish of our coasts and of other seas are not luminous during the whole of their summer life, for they may be seen crowding many estuaries in the hot months, as the twilight merges into night, and not a sparkle of light is visible amongst them.

Phosphorescence does not appear to have been noticed in the reef-building corals, nor in those solitary ones which can be kept in aquaria, but some of the actinidæ, or sea-anemones, are brilliantly luminous. One notable example is the mud-oving, free, long-bodied *Iluanthos scoticus*, which leaves its rayed disc just above the surface of the ooze, shining like a star here and there, and retaining its light when brought up with the dredge.

The extraordinary luminosity of vast numbers of the alcyonarian pennatulidæ and gorgonidæ compensates for the comparative absence of the phenomena in the other members of their group. Even in the cold North Sea, the sea-pens, and their long-stalked, short-polyped allies, the *Virgularia*, add to the sea light, and the *Gorgonia* do the same. They are resplendent in the Mediterranean; and Moseley states that all the alcyonarians dredged up by the "Challenger" from deep water were found to be brilliantly light-emitting, and that their phosphorescence agreed in its manner of exhibition with that observed in shallow-water forms. He examined the light emitted by three species of deep-sea alcyonaria with the spectroscope, and found it to consist of the red, yellow, and green rays only.

Panceri notices the light of *Pennatula phosphorea*, which is an eight-tentacled alcyonarian, with a stem with pinnate branches, carrying zooids or polypes. The long stem reaching below the branches consists of canal tubes, which are in communication with the polypes through the branches; and it is covered with sarcodæ that is comparatively rudimentary, and which is liable to become infiltrated with water, or to be hydropic, when brought up from the deep sea. The polypes, when fully expanded, are in rows on the upper surface of the branches, and each has eight pinnate tentacles, and at their base a slight swelling on the outside. From each of these eight swellings an opaque white cord passes down the outside of the visceral cavity of each polype to the sarcodæ of the branch.

These cords are canals in the sarcodæ, and when they are compressed, their contents may pass either into the hollow of each tentacle, or backwards into the tubular cavities of the branchlets and stem, and very little force suffices to burst them. When examined under the microscope, the contents are found to be cells and a fluid, and the opacity and white color are produced by the cell contents, which consist of minute, highly-refracting, globular parti-

cles, having, chemically and optically, all the properties of fatty matter. This substance is remarkable for its persistence without undergoing decomposition long after the death of the polype. In the substance of the cords there are cells which are stellate in shape, with prolongations, and resembling multipolar ganglion nerve cells; and others are simple enlargements along the course of a fibre. Besides these there are many albuminoid granules and some white particles of a mineral nature, but which does not consist of carbonate or phosphate of lime.

Now this sea-pen is luminous universally, when seen under favorable circumstances in the open sea, and it has its hours of darkness. When caught to be experimented upon, the animal lights up in a very remarkable and definite manner. Should the long supporting axial stem be pinched, the polypes nearest the stem on the lowest branchlets, become sparkingly luminous one after the other, and, when they are all illuminated, those of the next branchlets begin to shine, until in succession the whole are glowing. A slight interval of time, amounting to four-fifths of a second, occurs between the stimulation and the appearance of the light, and the sea-pen six and one-tenth inches long was illuminated in two and one-fifth seconds.

On pinching the top of a sea-pen of this species, the lighting up commenced in the nearest polypes, and then those of the next lowest branchlets took up the effect, and the phenomena of the previous experiment were simply reversed.

Again, on irritating one of the polypes at the end of a branchlet, its luminosity went to its neighbor, and then all followed one after the other; and if those at the beginning and ending of a branchlet were touched, the lighting up was towards those in and between them.

This successional illumination is very decided, and, when it is completed, the light is pretty constant. But it is evident that on irritating one of the polypes it "takes fire," as it were, at the edge of the tentacular apparatus, some luminosity remaining on the implement and in the intermediate water.

These remarks, the results of Panceri's interesting studies, may recall to mind the early experiment of Spallanzani, who, on compressing the stem of a *Pennatula*, obtained a light from the other extremity, and the fact that crushing the stem and a few branchlets produces a substance, which becomes diffused and lights up everything to which it adheres.



Careful observation has determined that when the pen is perfect, the light is emitted from the eight opaque cords of each polype, and that it can commence and continue without their rupture. On the other hand, rupture of a cord excites the luminosity of the whole, and the escaping fatty matter is luminous after its separation and after the death of the animal.

There is no sensible increase of temperature, and the tint of the monochromatic light is azure or greenish, but never red. In this beautiful instance of this remarkable vital luminousness there is evidently a photogenic structure and an elaborated organic material capable of producing light after removal from the animal. The sequence of illuminating is slow in the whole pen, and only at the rate of a yard in twenty seconds — a rate far less than that of the movement of nerve force. Yet the presence of the lowly-organized nervous element indicates that the regulating of the light may relate to it as its function. Clearly the phosphorescence of the pennatulid is in advance of that of the simpler protoplasmic movement of the protozoa and of the slime of the actinoid. Sir Wyville Thomson notices the coming up, in a trawl let down to a depth of 2,125 fathoms of a magnificent "clustered sea polype" (*Umbellularia grænlandica*), consisting of "twelve gigantic alcyonarian polypes, each with eight fringed arms, terminating in a close cluster on a calcareous stem ninety centimetres high." He states that when this splendid pennatulid was taken from the trawl, the polypes and the membrane covering the hard axis of the stem were so brightly phosphorescent that Captain Maclear found it easy to determine the character of the light by the spectroscope. It gave a very restrictedly continuous spectrum, sharply included between the lines *b* and *D*.\* The same naturalist writes, after dredging in eight hundred and twenty-eight fathoms off St. Vincent, that the trawl "seemed to have gone over a regular field of a delicate simple gorgonoid, with a thin, wire-like axis slightly twisted spirally, a small tuft of irregular rootlets at the base, and long exert polypes. The stems, which were from eighteen inches to two feet in length, were coiled in great hanks round the trawl beam and entangled in masses in the net, and as they showed a most vivid phosphorescence of a pale lilac color, their immense numbers suggested a wonderful

state of things beneath — animated cornfields waving gently in the slow tidal current, and glowing with soft, diffused light, scintillating and sparkling on the slightest touch, and now and again breaking into long avenues of vivid light, indicating the paths of fishes or other wandering denizens of their enchanted region."†

Again, in "The Voyage of the Porcupine"† the same fortunate naturalist noticed the sea-pen, *Pavonia quadrangularis*, which entangled the dredge with its pink stems a metre long, fringed with hundreds of polypes, to be "resplendent with a pale lilac phosphorescence like the flame of cyanogen gas, almost constant, sometimes flashing out at one point more brightly, and then dying gradually into comparative dimness, but always sufficiently bright to make every portion of a stem caught in the tangles or sticking to the ropes distinctly visible."

Probably the grandest display of light-emitting is by the great cylindrical-looking *Pyrosoma*, one of the tunicata. This animal is really a compound one, and the common uniting tissue has the shape of a hollow cylinder rounded and closed at one end and cut short and open at the other. This is firm and transparent, like so much cartilage, and on its outside are arranged numerous whorls of separate zooids. Each zooid projecting is large near the supporting cylinder and smaller where free, and this end has the mouth opening, whilst the base is perforated by holes, which are continued through the cylinder. The water system thus opens into the hollow cylinder, and the water issuing from it propels the whole in the opposite direction, at the same time that it revolves on its long axis. In the Mediterranean the pyrosomes are from two to fourteen inches in length, and they may be three inches in diameter; they are seen in great companies, and when floating and revolving just below the surface, look like incandescent rods of iron. The light is said to be polychroic in the pyrosome of the Atlantic, or of a vivid green; and it is azure in a gigantic species. It does not come, according to Panceri, from every spot on the body, but from two round spots, one on either side of each of the zooids, situated over the position of the ganglia of the nervous system, and there are loops like cords passing over the narrow end connecting them. They are placed between the two tunics of the integument, and are

\* "The Atlantic," vol. i. "The Voyage of the Challenger," p. 151. That is, in the green, near the less refrangible part.

† Thomson, *Op. cit.*, p. 110.

† Thomson, "Cruise of the Porcupine," p. 149.

attached to the outer one. After a while the light becomes diffused over the whole surface. Panceri states that when the animal is not over-stimulated, the light is intermittent, and that it consists of sparks from the special cells in each zooid. The luminous bodies are photogenic structures, and produce an albuminoid substance, and also much that is soluble in ether. This matter may become diffused by handling, and retains its luminosity for some time. Panceri states that the light is increased by, and lasts long in fresh water. The largest kind of this wonderful light-emitting compound tunicate is a grand sight in the night, as it gives out suddenly a vivid greenish light, large in its dimensions, and then it sinks to the depths. Moseley writes: "A giant pyrosoma was caught by me in the deep-sea trawl. It was like a great sac, with its walls of jelly about an inch in thickness. It was four feet in length and ten inches in diameter. When a pyrosoma is stimulated by having its surface touched, the phosphorescent light breaks out at first at the spot stimulated, and then spreads over the surface of the colony as the stimulation is transmitted to the surrounding animals. I wrote my name with my finger, on the great pyrosome as it lay on deck in a tub at night, and my name came out in a few seconds in letters of fire."\* Sir Wyville Thomson, noticing the "blaze of phosphorescence" off the Cape Verd Islands, states that the track of the ship was an avenue of intense brightness. "It was easy to read the smallest print sitting at the after-port in my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening wedges of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into distinct lights and shadows. The first night or two after leaving San Iago the phosphorescence seemed to be chiefly due to a large pyrosoma, of which we took many specimens in the tow-net, and which glowed in the water with a white light like that from molten iron."†

All luminous animals are not illuminators of the surface water or deep sea, for some shine where their gift is not appreciated by others. The burrowing shellfish, *Pholas dactylus*, lives hidden up; but is nevertheless provided with photogenic structures and substances, and these are also nearly hidden in the enveloping tissues of the bivalve. The elongated cylindrical shells are well-known objects in most cabi-

nets, and it is only necessary to state that the animal has a large foot, and that the combined siphons are large, cylindrical, and furnished with fringed orifices. Now, the photogenic structures are two parallel cords, containing opaque white matter running down the anterior siphon, and two small triangular spots at the entrance of it, and, lastly, an arched cord corresponding with the superior edge of the mantle, reaching to the middle near the valves. The cords and spots are convoluted lobes of the mucous membrane. The cords stand out in relief, and their white color distinguishes them, and although they are only elevations of the subcuticular tissue, they contain special cells, or rather epithelium, which produces the phosphorescent matter. The whole surface of the *Pholas* is covered with ciliated epithelium, which dips down into all the parts of the animal; but the special epithelium differs from this. It is nucleated and crammed with granules, and the cells are very refractive. The cells are very fragile, and allow their contents, *i.e.*, granular nuclei and refractive granules, to escape readily. These are soluble in ether and alcohol. Under ordinary circumstances this photogenic apparatus is hidden; but violence readily displaces the special cells, which burst, and their contents are carried all over the surface by the water, assisted by the general ciliation. The white substance, fat-like, retains its luminosity when spread out on paper for hours, but the light does not appear to be accompanied by an evolution of heat. When it is placed in carbonic acid gas, the light pales and ceases. On the other hand, the photogenic substance, when barely luminous, is rendered so by physical contact. Agitation, and the addition of fresh or salt water, develop the light, and the same effect is produced by electricity and by heat. The light is monochromatic, and has a constant place in the spectrum as an azure band from E to F, that is to say, in the green, but in the more refrangible part.

The luminosity of one of the sea-slugs of the Mediterranean and Pacific is as remarkable as the creature producing it. Living a pelagic life, swimming freely with a fan-like vertical tail, this little transparent *Phyllirhoë bucephala* has no shell when in the adult stage, neither has it a foot, but its body is compressed and fish-shaped, and it has a round and truncated muzzle, behind which are two long flexible tentacles. It has no branchiae, and respiration appears to go on through the general surface. Now to add to the beauty of this translucent creature, light-emission

\* Moseley, Notes of a Naturalist on the Challenger.

† Voyage of the Challenger, ii., p. 85.

from many distinct round spots renders the tissues transparent and luminous. And when it is swimming vigorously, the whole surface shines with a diffused light. The sexes are combined in this delicate slug, which must be a nice morsel for many a fish, and which must find its phosphorescence a fatal gift. There does not appear, however, to be any special photogenic substance. The light comes from globular cells with an envelope terminating in the outer coat of a nerve. The cells are nucleated, and at first sight resemble pacinian bodies without their internal structure. They nevertheless are terminations of nerves just under the cuticle.

Some ophiurans are brilliantly phosphorescent, and it may be said, from our present knowledge, that those which live at considerable depths are more so than the shallow-water forms. Their luminosity has no reference to the temperature of the surface-water; and such a species as *Ophiacantha spinulosa*, which has a great bathymetrical range, is intensely brilliant when dredged out of very cold water. Sir Wyville Thomson has given a very interesting description of the phenomena in "The Cruise of the Porcupine." He writes: "Some of these hauls were taken late in the evening, and the tangles were spangled over with stars of the most brilliant uranian green; little stars, for the phosphorescent light was much more vivid in the younger and smaller individuals. The light was not constant nor continuous all over the star; but sometimes it struck out a line of fire all round the disc, flashing, or, one might rather say, glowing up to the centre: then that would fade, and a defined patch, a centimetre or so long, break out in the middle of an arm and travel slowly out to the point, or the whole five rays would light up at the ends and spread the fire inwards. Very young *Ophiacantha*, only lately rid of their *plutei*, shone very brightly."

The position of the luminosity is removed from the nervous cords, and in decalcified specimens I have failed to trace nervous filaments on the top of the disc and in the substance, or near the upper arm-plates of the rays. But in a specimen from the icy sea of North Smith's Sound, collected during Sir George Nares' expedition, and sent to me for description, I traced a filmy mucous covering here and there, which seemed to be an exaggeration of the excessively thin epiderm which evidently, in the young forms, covers the plates and the bases of the spines. The disc is covered with a crowd of minute

spicular projections, each terminating in a bunch of small thorny knobs, or in three, four, or more rather sharp spicules. These delicate appendages are developed within the skin, as are also the granular elements which constitute the plates of the arms. It is possible that the luminous property resides in this delicate epiderm; and the probability is increased when it is noticed that the phenomenon is most decided in young individuals. It may be possible, however, that the ophiuran has no photogenic structures, and that the light is the product of foreign animal substances which have become entangled by it as it moved over the mud of the sea floor on which it feeds.

Many years since, Quatrefages, in a very exhaustive memoir on the phosphorescence of marine animals, attributed the light of the ophiuran he examined to muscular contraction, and he found it arising between the plates of the arms. He did not see any luminous condition of the disc. But that this occurs is undoubted, and there are no muscular fibres there.

A considerable number of crustacea are luminous under certain conditions, and the light-emission is sufficiently remarkable. In very transparent ten-footed kinds, and indeed in the small entomostraca, as well as in many of the sand-hopper group, a vivid, short-lived light is emitted. Its color is often redder than that of any other animals, and it is localized at first, for it starts from the junction of the legs with the body, and extends rapidly beneath the skin; and then it becomes diffused, the whole body glowing for a while. Some of the host of marine worms are luminous occasionally, and especially some of the genus *Nereis* and of the tube-making *Chaetopterus*.

They emit a greenish light, and Quatrefages noticed that the phenomenon consists of a quick series of scintillations, which pass along several segments of the body, lasting but an instant. The flashes can be produced by irritating the worm, and they appear to accompany muscular contraction. Finally, as regards marine animal luminosity, the cuttles and squids are slightly light-emitting on their outer surface.

I am not aware of any fresh-water invertebrate which possesses the gift, and the statement that infusoria are occasionally luminous does not appear to be founded on satisfactory evidence.

On land, certain myriopoda give out a sparkling light, resulting from muscular contraction; and there is a remarkable slug

found in Teneriffe, *Limax* or *Phosphorax noctilucus*, which has a luminous pore in the posterior border of the mantle. Many insects have little tiny spots on them which emit light, and it would appear that the localization of the minute phenomenon is in relation with wax glands. On the other hand, the great-headed fulgora or lantern-fly is said by some naturalists to glow with red and white all about the forepart, and by other observers to do nothing of the kind.

The great display is produced by some species of two families of beetles, the *Lampyridæ* and *Elateridæ*, and the glow-worm is one of the former. Belonging to the genus *Lampyris*, it is, in classification, in the neighborhood of the family *Telephoridae*, and its close ally is the genus *Drilus*, in which great disparity between the sexes is not accompanied by luminous phenomena. *Lampyris* and *Drilus* lead the same kind of lives, and in the larval state are carnivorous, preying on snails, whose body they devour during life. As every work on entomology has descriptions of species of *Lampyris*, it is only necessary to group the gifts of all in the following remarks. The large yellow egg is even luminous on first leaving the body of the female. It is stuck on to moss, low grass, or even earth by a viscid fluid; and when it is hatched the long-narrow, flat larva soon begins its cruel life, and has an apparatus for brushing off the slime of its victim. It attains its full size in warm Aprils, and some turn to the pupa condition in the summer; but usually the larva lives on, hibernates in the winter, and turns to the pupa in the spring. The larva has photogenic organs on the antepenultimate segment of the body; they are on its under surface, one on each side of the middle line, and are like small sacs in shape. Overlapped more or less by the segment in front, they become visible when the insect extends its abdomen, and then they are noticed to be luminous. On the other hand, when the body is retracted they are hidden, and the light is not seen. Under all circumstances the light is excessively feeble.

When about to undergo the first metamorphosis, this larva becomes quiescent, and, after skin-shedding, a pupa is presented—not a quiet one, however, for it has the power of moving the antennæ, head, and legs, and of twisting its body about and pushing itself along by the alternate contraction and expansion of the abdomen. The female pupa is without wings, but the male has them, and the

elytra, in a rudimentary condition. Both are slightly luminous. The last metamorphosis develops the perfect males and females, the last being apterous, the former being able to fly. Both, and not only the females, as has been popularly believed, are light-emitting, but the lady has greatly the advantage in brilliancy and in the extent of her photogenic apparatus. In her they consist of six separate thin sacs of a white color, each one occupying most of the width of the under side of a segment of the body. They are situate immediately beneath the skin of the ventral surface of the three segments which precede the last but one; and in the male they are on the penultimate and antepenultimate segments only. In the female the sacs on the fourth and fifth segments from the end are rectangular and large and the others are smaller. A thin expanse of the common soft integument covers them, and they are in contact with the last two nervous ganglia, many large air-tubes, and, in the female, with the sexual organs. They are exposed and hidden by the expansion and contraction of the abdomen, and their light is visible under the first condition; but when in full vigor, the luminous appearance may diminish, but not be quite lost under the second. This has something to do with the glowing. In all the grades of development the sacs are more worthy of the name of layers or laminæ, and they consist of a mass of large cells with nuclei, and refractive granules. These are aggregated without order, in the larva, and covered with an investing tissue, in which tracheæ (air-tubes) and minute nerves ramify, the tracheæ entering within and coming in contact with the cells joining on to their walls. In the female, the lamina is made up of a number of these cell-aggregates or organs, and there is a yellowish tinge in the part nearest the outer skin, and the back part is crowded with the refractive granules, and has a white and opaque tint. It is said, and one would like it more satisfactorily proved, that the refractive granules contain uric acid; and, on the other hand, it is by no means certain that the whole is not closely allied to that very recondite and unstable organic compound, wax.

Many entomologists are disposed to connect these highly fatty, light-emitting organs, so well provided with air-tubes and nerves, and so close to those organs where the most rapid structural changes progress in some periods of insect life, with the great mass of body and inter-muscle fat. This fat, however, diminishes with the ad-

vance of the sexual organs, and we know that in some insects a positive development of immature young takes place in it; but the luminous organ is present in the larva, and is most developed in the perfect state. Hence more knowledge is required before these views can receive universal acknowledgment.

The sacs continue to shine, for a while, after removal from the body, and the epithelium-looking cells retain their luminosity, when smeared over a moist surface for a time, but drying destroys the power. Oil and water do not affect the sacs; acids and alkalies arrest the light, and glycerine also, but the light returns on washing it off. The glow becomes extinct *in vacuo*, but returns on the admission of air.

Mr. Darwin writes, "All the fireflies which I caught here (at Rio), belonged to the *lamyridæ* (in which family the English glowworm is included), and the greater number of specimens were of *Lamproloma occidentalis*. I found that this insect emitted the most brilliant flashes when irritated; in the intervals the abdominal rings were obscured. The flash was almost co-instantaneous in the two rings, but it was just perceptible first in the anterior one. The shining matter was fluid and very adhesive; little spots, where the skin had been torn, continued bright with a slight scintillation, whilst the uninjured parts were obscured. When the insect was decapitated the rings remained uninterruptedly bright, but not so brilliant as before. Local irritation with a needle always increased the vividness of the light. The rings in one instance retained their luminous property nearly twenty-four hours after the death of the insect. From these facts it would appear probable that the animal has only the power of concealing or extinguishing the light for short intervals, and that at other times the display is involuntary. On the muddy and wet gravel walks I found the larvæ of this *Lamproloma* in great numbers. They resembled in general form the female of the English glowworm. These larvæ possessed but feeble luminous powers; and on the slightest touch they feigned death, and ceased to shine, nor did irritation excite any fresh display."

The elater tribe furnish the commonest "fireflies" of the tropics, and the light comes from a spot on either side of the front part of the body, where there is a yellow oval mass of cell-aggregates and tracheæ.

There is great scope for thought and speculation about all these facts, and it is

evident that we do not yet know enough of the anatomy and physiology of the photogenic organs of many animals. But with our present knowledge it is possible to obtain some tolerably definite ideas on the subject of animal luminousness. Firstly, the spectroscope gives no satisfactory assistance. It tells us that the light is not produced by a gas, and still that there is something unusual about it, for the green part of the spectrum, in which it is found, glows as it were, in the least refrangible part, or may be said to be more intense near the red than in the other part of the green. That the term phosphorescence is of no scientific value is evident; it only relates to the similarity of the glow of the *Lamproloma*, and the light accompanying the oxidation of phosphorus, and there is not enough (if there be any) of the element in these things to account for the special phenomena.

Fungi, decaying fish, and the flesh of lobsters are luminous under certain conditions, but the phenomena differ from those of the living animal, and are no more to be satisfactorily compared, than they are with the sharp emanation of light on the crystallization of tartar emetic, or with the results of the mixture of hydrochloric acid and arsenic during its crystallization.

It is evident that in some animals there is no special photogenic structure; that in others it is present as highly refractive cell contents; and in the insects there are aggregations of these cells into special organs, which are supplied with air-tubes, nerves, and blood. It is equally clear that whilst in the first and second groups, artificial irritation and the natural stimulus of the movement of the sea-water increase the light, and even induce it, there is still the power of intrinsic self-illumination. Quatrefages points out the extreme sharpness and brightness of the localized spots of light on *Noctiluca*, and insists that in a corresponding mass of them there is as much light given out as from the organ of *Lamproloma*. There is, however, this difference between the light. It is extinguished in both *in vacuo*, but it returns only in the *Lamproloma*. Two sets of phenomena are probably present, and in the simplest animal the physical cause of the light is probably different from that in the beetle. Certain it is, that all the agents which produce contraction of the protoplasm of *Noctiluca* determine the light, and if a persistent contraction is set up, the light is equally persistent, and death results. As the light comes from spots about the region where growth, the depo-



sition of fresh protoplasm and its differentiation into minute granules are in full operation, and as moderately careful experiment has proved that there is no increase of temperature accompanying the light, the cause of it cannot be referred to "combustion," to oxidation, or to phosphorus, but to local and then general molecular movement of intense rapidity, which can produce light-waves. In the instance of the *Pholas* large quantities of this luminous substance can be collected, but the temperature bears no relation to the light. If twenty or thirty female glow-worms are put on the hand, which is rendered as visible as by the light of a candle, there is no appreciable temperature above that of the cold, clammy insect. The notion of oxidation of matter producing brilliant light without a measurable amount of heat is of no great value; and certainly if a female *Lamproyris* glowing on damp grass so as to be luminous entirely underneath, and to have her light visible for many paces off, could evolve a corresponding or relational amount of heat, she would be fried. During the daytime, if *Lamproyris* be watched, whilst under the shade, she is not luminous as at night, and it is difficult by irritation to get her to shine. Again, there is manifest paling of the light after midnight, and the neighborhood of the male causes both to flash out more. The influence of nerve is the most manifest in the insecta, less so when the structure is rudimentary in the alcyonaria, and it is absent in *Noctiluca*. But still, as the simplest nerve is protoplasm differentiated slightly and formed into masses and long lines; so even in *Noctiluca*, the light, situated as it is, at the very extremity of the thready protoplasm, which is ever streaming at its surface with granular matter, may be said to be in relation with localized potential, the energy of life. The phenomena of the so-called phosphori, or the luminosity of such substances as sulphide of barium, even when the emission of light is brief, is a consequence of molecular change and movement. Certain minerals obtain this movement after exposure to the sun, or to artificial but intense light, and in its production the energy of the light given has been transferred, and, as usual, more or less degraded. One can understand that if there is an energy of life, linked on to the unstable albuminoid, the basis of animal and vegetable organism, and it can produce heat and electricity, it can, as the highest physical potential, produce molecular movement sufficient to develop light-waves.

From Fraser's Magazine.

# PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO BOULOGNE, AUGUST, 1840.

## AN ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

In this narrative I will refrain from commenting upon what has already been made public both in England and France, and enlarge upon such details as seem to me now, as they did at the time, so far to redeem from ridicule \* a daring adventure which rested on more reasonable chances of success than most people are aware of, and which was in reality the starting-point of Prince Louis Napoleon's extraordinary career.

I will relate how it happened that I was appointed by the prince to be the principal actor in the expedition, how difficult and dangerous was the task that had to be performed amidst the many chances of detection, and finally the *real* cause of the sudden and unexpected collapse of the attack made on the French territory.

In handling so delicate a subject, I will abstain from any remark or disclosure which I consider to be irrelevant to it, and as I am probably now the only survivor (at least to my knowledge) of all those who were on board the "Edinburgh Castle" on the 5th of August, 1840, I shall feel doubly bound never to swerve from the most scrupulous historical accuracy.

## I.

### INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It is unnecessary to describe the circumstances following the Strasburg affair (October 1836) under which Prince Louis Napoleon returned to England in the autumn of 1838, after closing his mother's eyes at Arensburg. It is enough to say that he left Switzerland voluntarily after the federal government had refused the imperious demand of the French government for his expulsion, rather than be the cause of an unequal struggle which would have ended in useless bloodshed.

I was at that time in Paris, where I had been watching from the very beginning the complications likely to arise from the critical position of French politics and the obvious instability of Louis Philippe's dynasty.

Having been summoned by the prince to join him in England, I started at once,

\* *Une folle et ridicule aventure*, were Guizot's words at the time—words, however which he afterwards confesses in his "Memoirs," vol. v., p. 253, that he read "with some embarrassment."

and found that he had gone to Leamington (Warwickshire) in order to avoid personal demonstrations and to ponder quietly, and in perfect rest of mind, on what he should do under the circumstances. Persigny was staying with him.

A few months later the prince settled in London at Carlton House, Carlton Terrace, where he began writing the "*Idées Napoléoniennes*." This book attracted a wide and unprecedented attention to his views and aspirations. Carlton House was the rendezvous of the most ardent partisans of his cause. Deputies of the opposition were constantly coming from Paris to visit the prince, and reporting what they considered to be the favorable feeling of the country. They kept up his excitement and raised his expectations beyond the possibility of resistance.

It was on the 15th of May, 1840, that the prince first confided to me his resolve to make another attempt against the government of Louis Philippe, then evidently declining in popularity, owing to the adverse turn of affairs in Algeria and also in Egypt. My interview with the prince was friendly, but not without some ill-humor on his part.

"Does your Highness ask my opinion and advice on the subject mentioned to me, or am I to consider your communication as an order to follow you?"

"I never thought I should meet with a refusal from you whenever I required your co-operation. You know my friendship for you, and the great interest I take in the independence of Italy, your country, for which you fight by exposing your life for me. On the other hand, I know your devotion to me, and how willing you are to do all I think conducive to our common object. As far back as 1831, we made a compact between ourselves which I consider to be binding on both sides, namely, that you should help me in my projects, however dangerous they may be, and that I should fight for the unity of Italy if I ever became the chief of the French nation. From what I have said, you must infer that I do not doubt willingness to follow me. I take it for granted. Doubt is out of the question. It is *your opinion* I want to know as regards the opportunity, or even the advisability, of doing or not what I meditate."

"I readily confess that I never was placed in a more difficult position than I am now in answering your Highness's question. You may put a wrong construction upon what I am called upon to say, if my advice go against your wishes. If, on

the other hand, I agree with your decision, and you fail in the attempt, my responsibility will weigh very heavy on me as long as I live."

"Whatever may happen I hold you harmless; but remark, I do not say that I will carry out my projects, even if your advice tallied with my views, or that I will abstain from it, if your advice went against my decision. Nothing of the kind. I simply ask your impression on the subject. I like to gather every one's opinions and to ponder on them quietly; you may speak your mind as freely as if the matter was of a comparatively trifling importance."

"As you wish me to speak my mind freely respecting the opportunity of renewing an attack on the French government, I will unhesitatingly say, that I consider it to be against your own interest to attempt anything of the kind just now. Allow me, prince, to give you the reasons on which I ground my objection. You have written the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*,' with a view of making your political programme known to the world in general, and to the French people in particular. That there should be no mistake between the French nation and yourself about the form of government you think the best for France, you have boldly said *Empire!* Be it so. But what necessity is there for hurrying events by violent means, when we see every day, that the government of Louis Philippe is on the eve of a catastrophe, which sooner or later will leave the throne vacant? After the failure of Strasburg, I dread the consequences of another attempt on your part. The dynasty of Louis Philippe is in great danger. The country has enough of it; it cannot last long. Meanwhile let your friends in France keep up an agitation on your behalf which will lose nothing of its efficiency because effected by legal means. Let them be ready to seize the first opportunity that offers itself, for a popular demonstration. In a word, wait till you are called by the voice of the country; your name will carry everything before it, and your character—your principles—your courage, well known in France, will do the rest."

"Had my uncle followed a suggestion similar to yours, the 18th Brumaire, that saved the country, would never have taken place."

"I beg to remark that France is not at present in the same distracted situation it was then. Whatever may be said respecting the means by which Louis Philippe got hold of the supreme power, he had at least the semblance of an election—not a

direct election from the people, but a plausible one, from the representatives of the country. If he has been compelled on several occasions to put down insurrections in the streets of Paris, he has done so with the assent and concurrence of the National Guard. I should not like to see you embarked in another perilous undertaking which would be stamped a second time with ridicule, if unsuccessful, or would give you a start, if successful, most dangerous to your name, and fraught with the most serious consequences for the future."

The prince was silent for some little time. As he was taking his pocket-book out of a drawer, his valet-de-chambre came in with a bundle of letters, and told him that General Montholon wished to see him. The prince left me, saying that he would see me again in a day or two.

My interview with the prince made me very uneasy. My personal knowledge of his character and steadiness of purpose brought home to me the conviction that no amount of good reasons would deter him from doing what he had made up his mind to. Every day — I should say every hour — I used to meet officers of rank, and deputies, who had frequent and long interviews with the prince. Something was evidently going on in London, which could not be accounted for in any other way than by the concoction of a plot intended to be carried out very shortly.

I had not to wait long before my surmise became a certainty. Persigny called upon me the day after my interview with the prince, from whom he had heard that I did not consider the idea of an armed attack on the French government to be a sound one.

"I am at a loss to understand why you are opposed to the project of a *coup-demain*, which we have been preparing for the last twelve months, and brought to that stage when success is secured."

I assured Persigny of my devotion to the prince, but explained the difficulties I felt. At the same time I added, "If the prince tells me, 'In half an hour I shall want you,' he will find me ready to follow him, without any inquiry as to where we go, or what for. I have given my opinion, because he requested me to do so without reticence. I have done what I consider my first duty in this emergency, as I will perform my second, by being at his side in the hour of danger if he orders me to do so."

"You seem to be under the impression that the prince is going to risk his own

life, and that of his friends, without good reason. You are mistaken."

"I am perfectly convinced that the prince will take good care this time to secure in France a support, without which he could expect no result. But this does not lessen the gravity and inopportunities of the undertaking. You fancy the army will rise to a man in favor of the prince as soon as he sets his foot on the French territory. Well! I hope so, but I doubt it. You will give rise to a civil war, if only a part of the army resists the enthusiasm of the rest."

"You do not know the French people so well as I do. They do not care for constitutions, liberty of the press, self-government, and so forth. The empire has left indestructible roots in the soil, and whatever you attempt to do without the aid of the magical name 'empire' will not last long."

"I grieve to hear you speaking as you do; you will find things in France quite different from what you suppose. Frenchmen are no more what they were in former times; they are more thoughtful, more men of business than you imagine. Under the apparent levity which is the distinctive character of the nation, there is an underground work going on, which leads them to a positivism rather exaggerated. They do not care for *glory* as they did."

"Well, we shall soon see who is right. I think you take a wrong view." And we parted.

For the last three months the prince had issued a monthly political review, called "*L'Idée Napoléonienne*;" several of his friends were contributors to it. It was published in London, where it made a great stir owing to its presumed authorship. The text was in French. The number for June contained a long article written by the prince, on the "Strength and the Stupendous Military Organization of the Prussian Army," which he strenuously recommended should be adopted at once by France to replace the present system, which he thought most defective and inefficient in the event of an invasion. The review was ordered to be discontinued — there was to be no issue for July, and we were in June. Evidently, said I to myself, the prince means business. Early in the morning of the 21st of June, the prince called upon me, for the purpose (he said jokingly) of *converting* me to his views.

"I have been considering what you told me a few days ago, respecting my projects. You may be right — at any rate I appreciate the reasons, for which in my interest

you are opposed to them; but, I am too far advanced to retrace my steps; besides several officers, whose expenses in London I defray as it behoves their rank and position, I have some forty more persons here, who know nothing about what they came for, except that they will have to follow me whenever required. Everything is rapidly preparing in France to back me as soon as I arrive at Boulogne, on which point the first attack will be made. The time has arrived for me to provide the means of crossing the Channel. Can you suggest any practical means of effecting it? I must be ready for the month of August."

I then suggested the scheme of hiring a steamer as if intended for an excursion. He spoke of the necessity of putting horses on board, and a van heavily laden, containing sixty or seventy stand of arms, swords, pistols, regimentals and saddles, and a large quantity of printed proclamations. He also spoke of providing me assistance, but I strongly declined any co-operation but what I could myself secure. I had my own *alter ego*, with whom I knew I was safe in attempting arrangements as to a steamer, and I promised to have it ready by the first days of August.

Hesitation was now out of place. The prince having made up his mind to stake his all in this enterprise, it was far better to act, and to act quickly, than to repeat arguments which had evidently no power to alter the tide of events.

The glory and popularity of the first empire seemed to be revived at that very moment in a most extraordinary way, by the agitation which the approaching arrival of the remains of the emperor from St. Helena to France had occasioned among all classes of French society. The demand addressed to the British government by the king of the French for a grant which no one expected would be obtained, was on his part a stroke of policy which went against the object he had in view. M. Thiers was then the premier of the French administration, and to him in particular, as the historian of the consulate and of the empire, was attributed the idea of strengthening the Orleans dynasty by the most popular and national demonstration he could ever devise to initiate. The effect produced on the French people by this event was immense. The name of Prince Louis Napoleon was associated with it by popular instinct, and helped to increase the enthusiasm with which the country thrilled throughout. Another circumstance was deemed propitious by the prince, for still more hastening the departure of the expe-

dition: the recent garrisoning of the principal towns in the north and west of France by the very same regiments that had known the prince at Strasburg. Every incident, every circumstance, seemed to concur for the accomplishment of what inflexible destiny appeared to have decreed should take place again sooner or later. The agitation both in London and Paris was extraordinary. The landing of Prince Louis Napoleon on the French territory was freely and openly discussed, as if it were a natural thing. The only question to which no reply could be made was, "When?"

## II.

### PREPARATIONS AND ANXIETIES.

NUMEROUS were the French detectives in London at that moment, whose mission it was to watch and report to the French ambassador every movement of the prince and of those known to call upon him or to be his acknowledged partisans.

The time was running close for chartering the required steamer. This however was done through my friend, in whose name the charter was drawn up. The "Edinburgh Castle," one of the boats belonging to the Commercial Steam Company, was the one selected for the purpose. My friend had many questions to answer before he could secure her. In his application he stated that she was intended for a trip to Hamburg; that a large party had contracted with him for providing everything on board that was necessary for the passage, and that as he was paid very liberally for it, he wanted to have the boat made comfortable in every respect. Captain Crow was ordered to follow strictly my friend's orders or mine, if he happened to be on shore.

On Saturday, August 1, the "Edinburgh Castle" arrived from Dieppe at Deptford. Sunday and Monday (2nd and 3rd) she was getting ready for sea. On Tuesday the 4th she came up the river and moored alongside the wharf facing the Custom House.

Early on the morning of the 4th I accomplished the task assigned to me, which was to ship nine horses, a travelling carriage, a heavy van containing seventy rifles, and as many military accoutrements as were required for the officers and men, numbering about seventy passengers.

The proclamations and other printed papers were put in another box, in which a large sum of money in English banknotes and gold was secured. A ticket was

pasted on the wagon as well as on each box and package, on which "Hamburg" was printed in large letters. At six o'clock in the morning the steamer was ready to go down the river. At London Bridge I took on board thirteen men. We left the wharf at six o'clock exactly, and reached Greenwich at 7.10 A.M. I went to the Trafalgar Hotel, where Count d'Hunin and three men were waiting. Having followed me on board, we left at once for Blackwall, which we reached at 8 A.M. Here I took on board Count Persigny, Charles Thélin (the valet-de-chambre), Lombard, Cannas, D'Almbert, Duflot, Dr. Conneau, Léon Cuis, Galvani, and four or five more. At two o'clock we reached Gravesend, where I took on board Colonel Parquin, Count Ornano, Captain Desjardins, Faure, and eight men. I ordered the steamer to anchor about two hundred yards from the shore. The prince was expected to reach Gravesend about that time.

Here we took on board a French pilot, who had been sent from Boulogne to take charge of the ship on her reaching the French coast.

Since our departure from London Bridge nothing took place worth noticing until we reached Blackwall, where I had fourteen persons to take on board, who, besides being in excellent spirits, were somewhat clamorous for want of a good breakfast, which I had ordered to be ready for nine o'clock, and to be served on two separate tables, one for the friends of the prince, and one for the men who were to form the bulk of our armed contingent.

Count Persigny, Dr. Conneau, Charles Thélin, and myself were the only persons in the secret of the expedition. I was in constant fear lest the unusual number of foreign-looking passengers, among whom not one of the fair sex could be seen, should attract the attention of some inquisitive official to pry into the destination of the steamer, which from the peculiarity of the cargo on deck, from the distinctive and characteristic features of the passengers, and also from the complete absence on board of all that is seen daily, even on the smallest emigration ship, as trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, boxes, shawls, travelling-rugs strewed here and there, was altogether the most extraordinary floating piece of work that ever steamed down the river. The 4th of August turned out to be the finest day imaginable. The air was refreshing as it fanned over the ship in a gentle northerly breeze — most invigorative both to mind and body. For those who knew nothing of the object we

had in view, it was a trip to Hamburg, and a pleasant one too. "Where are we going?" was the question from one to another at every turn of the paddle-wheel.

Every steamer, every sailing vessel, every smack, coming up or going down the river, was vociferously hailed by many on board. In many instances I had to entreat my friend Persigny to join me in prevailing upon the most turbulent to keep quiet.

While anchored at Gravesend things became more serious than I had even anticipated and dreaded. We could see several ladies and gentlemen looking at us with opera-glasses from the windows of Clifton Hotel. Two parties actually came in a boat to see who we were, and to ask where we were going. One of them wanted to come on board. I was in great anxiety. It was then 3.30 P.M., and the prince had not yet arrived.

At 3.45, whilst I was smoking a cigar, conversing with Count Persigny, Captain Crow sent for me. He was leaning on the bulwark, and was speaking to some one in a boat alongside.

"The custom-house officer, sir," pointing to the boat with a flag. "What am I to say?"

Without answering his question, I saluted the officer, and said, "What is it?"

"I want to know what you are doing here in the middle of the river."

"I am waiting for the party, who should have arrived by this time."

"Where are you going to?"

"Hamburg."

"Have you goods on board?"

"None. The steamer is chartered for a pleasure trip, for which I am largely paid. Here is my charter. Shall I show it to you?"

"No, no. How many people have you on board?"

"I have several gentlemen on board already, and I expect two more from London. I have three more to take at Ramsgate. Every one of them has one or two servants who are on board. It is a lot of swells I have to deal with."

"I suppose you have ladies on board?"

"None as yet; but I fancy there will be a few engaged to join the party at Ramsgate."

"Ha! ha! that's the place! I wish you a good passage; but be off sharp, as the tide is running out."

It was getting late, and still the prince had not arrived. Count Persigny began to surmise, like myself, that something very serious had prevented the prince from



starting from London at the appointed time. We were deliberating on what should be done in the emergency, when Colonel Parquin, a cavalry officer, an old friend of the prince and of the whole family, came to me and said, "I want to go on shore to buy a few good cigars. Those we have on board are detestable. I cannot smoke them."

"Go on shore? My orders, colonel, are not to allow any one to leave the steamer on any pretext whatever."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be kept a prisoner here?"

"What I mean is, that I cannot comply with your request, because I am bound to carry out the wishes, or rather orders, of the prince."

The colonel made an appeal to Count Persigny, who, like myself, told him that it was impossible to comply with his demand. The wrath of the colonel was extreme. There was danger in this outburst of anger. I consulted Persigny on the advisability of allowing the colonel to go on shore, on the distinct understanding that he should be accompanied by me and Charles Thélín, the faithful valet of the prince. Persigny assented to the idea, and the colonel and I got into the boat. Thélín was with us. As we were walking to the cigar shop, the colonel remarked a boy seated on a log of wood, feeding an eagle with shreds of meat. The eagle had a chain fastened to one of its claws, with which it was secured. The colonel turned twice to look at it, but went on without uttering a word. On our way back to the boat, we saw that the boy had left the spot, and had gone within two yards of the landing-place we had to go through. The colonel went to him and, looking at the eagle, said to the boy, "*Est-il à vendre?*"

The boy, not understanding a word of it, turned to me and said, "I do not understand the gentleman."

I guessed immediately what the colonel meant doing, and said, "My dear colonel, I hope you do not intend to buy that eagle? For God's sake do not think of such a thing! We have other affairs to think of."

"Why not? I will have it. Ask him what he wants for it."

"I will not. Ask Thélín what *he* thinks of it."

"I do not care for anybody's opinion," said he; "I will have it. *Combien voulez-vous?*"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. At last the colonel asked in broken English, "How mooch?"

"One pound," answered the boy.

He ordered the boy to put the eagle in the boat, and then Thélín and I jumped into the boat and rowed to the steamer. On arriving on board, the eagle was fastened to the mainmast by the boy, and from that moment it was never taken notice of, until it was discovered and seized by the authorities at Boulogne, who took it to the museum, from which it fled away next morning, owing to some carelessness on the part of the men who had it in charge. Such is the real, unvarnished statement of the "Boulogne eagle," on which so much has been said, written, and even believed in by all parties, whether friends or foes. Is it not most extraordinary that a fact which had been witnessed by upwards of sixty people on board the steamer, and contradicted a great many times, should have been allowed to go the round of every country, and left to cast ridicule on the prince, who never saw or knew anything of the eagle on board the "City of Edinburgh"? How many events recorded in history are to be put on a par with that of the "Boulogne eagle"?

It was getting late (six o'clock), and the prince had not as yet made his appearance. Count Persigny and Charles Thélín were as anxious as I was. We held a council, in consequence of which it was resolved that I should take a post-chaise and rush to Ramsgate, where General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde had been sent by the prince to wait for him. Colonel Voisin was the only one of the three in the secret of the real purport of the expedition. It was feared they would attribute the delay in the arrival of the prince to some accident, which would necessitate their return to London. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Count Persigny and Dr. Conneau, which I did not share. I started for Ramsgate, and arrived there at a very late hour. My sudden appearance at the hotel startled them; I was not expected. To their inquiries I made no answer. Colonel Voisin, finding that he could learn nothing as long as General Montholon and Colonel Laborde were up, proposed that we should all go to bed and deliberate next morning on what was to be done. I agreed to this. On General Montholon and Colonel Laborde leaving the room, Colonel Voisin asked me what had happened to prevent the prince from being there at the appointed time. He was in the most agitated state of mind, and nothing that I could say to quiet him proved successful. It is now my duty to record another fact, which no

person is aware of, and which accounts for the sudden failure of the prince's landing at Boulogne.

### III.

#### ON BOARD.

THE prince, in giving me his instructions for the arrangements concerning the steamer, had particularly insisted on my being at Gravesend on the 4th of August at three o'clock P.M. exactly, "because," said he, "we shall have to proceed to sea at once. We must land at Wimereux, near Boulogne, at four o'clock on the morning of the 5th."

Colonel Voisin, in utter despair at the non-arrival of the steamer, and almost out of his mind, said: "But do you not know that the success of our undertaking depends entirely on our reaching the barracks at Boulogne at four o'clock to-morrow morning (the 5th)? The only man we dread is Captain Col-Puygellier, commanding the battalion at Boulogne; besides being a man who will do his duty unflinchingly, he is a republican, and we know that *nothing* will induce him to join an imperial pretender."

"That will not alter the state of affairs regarding this officer," I said, "for under these circumstances he will be against us at any time we may arrive, whether it is to-morrow or next day!"

"You are mistaken," said the colonel. "Captain Col-Puygellier will not be at Boulogne all day to-morrow. The prince has purposely fixed the 5th for presenting himself before the battalion, because he knows that Captain Col-Puygellier has been invited to a shooting-party at some distance from Boulogne, and in all probability will not be back until late at night. If we miss being there (*to-morrow*) we are doomed to perish!"

It was one o'clock in the morning. Colonel Voisin opened the window to breathe the fresh air blowing in from the sea, and walked up and down the room in a most agitated frame of mind. The night was bright and still. I was leaning on the sill of the window when I saw to the left, at some distance, a black column of smoke slowly elongating itself in opposite direction to the tide. I fancied I could hear the uniform noise of the paddle-wheels of a steamer, and I waited some little time before I called the attention of the colonel to the circumstance, lest he should be disappointed, as the steamer might be one of the many which leave the docks for Calais, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and other parts of

the Continent. As the ship was steaming down, the noise became more distinct. Presently I saw a few sparks coming out of the funnel, which denoted her being near at hand. As she was approaching that part of the sea which faces the hotel, she slackened her speed.

The colonel and I were watching all her movements, but the night being dark, we could not distinguish what was taking place on board. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when we heard the bell of the hotel ringing hurriedly. I opened the door of the room and rushed down-stairs, to see who it was that had come from the steamer. It was Thélin. The prince had arrived. I was ordered to go on board at once with General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and Colonel Laborde.

Thélin having entered the room of General Montholon and Colonel Laborde, made them get up, and requested them to follow him to the steamer in the name of the prince, who was waiting for them. As we were going down-stairs, General Montholon took me by the arm and whispered to me, "I see what it is—the prince is about making a *coup de tête*!"

In a few minutes we were on board the "Edinburgh Castle." No one was on deck. The prince had assembled his followers below, and was about addressing them when we entered the cabin.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of General Montholon was the occasion of a general outburst of enthusiasm on the part of every one there. His name had been associated for many years with the emperor at St. Helena, and had been the object of universal admiration and popularity for his tried devotedness to the great man. He received such a warm welcome from every one as to make him forget the bitter disappointment he had confided to me, of not having been consulted by the prince on the advisability, or opportuneness, of such an undertaking!

The address of the prince was admirable.

The enthusiasm which it raised was the more exciting as it was compressed and restrained by the entreaties of the prince, who feared lest the attention of the captain and crew should be attracted by the noise.

It was two o'clock in the morning. At the request of the prince, the cabin was cleared of everybody with the exception of General Montholon, the Colonels Voisin, Montauban, Laborde, Count Persigny, Forestier, Ornano, Viscount de Querelles, Galvani, D'Hunin, Faure, and myself, who

were called by the prince to deliberate in council on what was to be done under the circumstances.

I have already stated that the prince was due at Gravesend between two and three o'clock (the 4th). On that day in London the French police seemed to have been more suspicious and active than usual. Most likely some of the men who who were to follow the prince let out at some coffee-room or public-house that the pleasure trip to Hamburg was to take place next day. The prince's house was actually *gardée à vue*, and wherever he went, he was followed and closely watched. However quickly he drove, he was not lost sight of. At twelve o'clock on that day, the prince was to start from my house, 18 Stockbridge Terrace, Pimlico, attended by Montauban, who had been left in charge of a large sum of money. A post-chaise with two horses was kept ready in a yard close by to come round to my door, just in time for the prince to step in. It will be easily conceived how strongly drawbacks, which even in the ordinary events of life upset the best concocted and arranged schemes, must have preyed upon the prince's mind to cause him to forget the point on which I had called his most particular attention every day, — *the tide!*

When the prince came on board the steamer at Gravesend it was quite late — the night was dark. We were expected to reach Boulogne at three o'clock on the morning of the 5th. The four hundred men of the 42nd Line Regiment forming the garrison were ready to proclaim the prince, and everything was prepared in the town for a popular rising to follow the military demonstration. From our failing to be at Boulogne on the appointed day (the 5th), the projected attack, which had been made to rely for success upon some reasonable chances, had become a most hazardous and difficult adventure. It was evident we could not land at or near Boulogne before the 6th, as nothing could be attempted in the daytime. The prince called upon every one of us to give his opinion on what was to be done in the emergency. Out of twelve, three advised the prince to return to London! Nine insisted on the landing taking place, and on a desperate dash being made towards the barracks, in order to secure the adhesion of the battalion at any price, and by all available means and leaving the town at once reach, by a quick march, St. Omer, where other formidable elements of success were at hand.

The prince appealed to me for informa-

tion with reference to what would occur if we went back to London. I said it was very difficult to say how it would end: if the British government took a bad view of it, most likely we should be arrested and tried for misdemeanor. It was true that those who were on board might be landed again at the different points we took them up at, and by this dispersion reduce to a minimum the number of those liable to an indictment; but what was to be done with the arms, the uniforms, the printed proclamations and other documents of a very insurrectionary tinge, which the Custom House officers would find on board on our arriving at London Bridge? "We steer between two great dangers. By going back to London, we become the laughing-stock of everybody — ridicule will kill us! If we cross the Channel we run the risk of being shot, or imprisoned for a more or less length of time. Of the two, I prefer the latter! As regards yourself, nothing would be more disastrous to your future prospects than being shown up to the public as a man who, at the eleventh hour, has been acted upon by considerations of a purely personal character. Let us save at least our honor, if we are doomed to lose everything else!"

The prince, who had been imperceptibly nodding at me all the time I was speaking, rose and said, "Gentleman! a show of hands from those who wish to be left behind, and prefer returning to London." A dead silence!

The prince paused a few seconds, and fixing his eyes in rapid succession on every one of us round the table, as if he tried to read on our faces what would be the answer to his second question, said, "Gentlemen, a show of hands from those who are willing to follow me and share my fate!"

The utterance of these words caused an indescribable outburst of enthusiasm, mingled with expressions of the most touching devotion, as if every one of us dreaded even the appearance of being the last to come forward. We sprang from our seats as it were by an electric movement, and gave to the prince's appeal such a heartfelt recognition as to render him powerless for a few moments to acknowledge it, so deep was his emotion at such a scene.

"I thank you, my friends," said he, "for the readiness and high spirit with which you have responded to my call. I never doubted your willingness to aid me in the furtherance of my projects, but the way you have now given vent to your devotion

to me has imparted a new vigor to my mind, and bound my heart to you with a sense of deepest and everlasting gratitude. Let us bear together the consequences of this enterprise, whatever they may be, with the calmness befitting men who act from conviction. Our cause is that of the country at large. Sooner or later success will be with us. I feel it! I have faith in my destiny! I look forward to the future with as full a confidence as I expect the sun to rise to-day to dispel darkness. We shall have adverse circumstances to struggle against, and obloquy to face; but the 'hour' will come, and we shall not have very long to wait for it."

The time had arrived for a prompt decision respecting the steps to be taken, in consequence of our being twenty-four hours behind our time for the landing at Boulogne. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning (5th). It was resolved that Forestier, the cousin of Count Persigny, should go at once to Boulogne for the purpose of informing Lieutenant Aladeize of the 42nd, and Bataille, of what had occurred, and to get everything ready, as far as it was possible to do so, for the next day (the 6th). A boat manned by two men was hired — not without some difficulty; Forestier stepped into it and crossed the Channel, reaching Boulogne at 11 A.M.

The next step that had to be considered, was whether we should remain at Ramsgate till night, and commence crossing the Channel at such a time as would enable us to reach Wimereux by two o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Wimereux is a little village at a short distance from Boulogne, and was stated by the prince to be the spot at which the landing was to take place. After deliberating for some time on the advisability of remaining at Ramsgate the whole day of the 5th, it was unanimously resolved, in order to avoid the danger of being pried into, either by the authorities consequent upon information given to them by the French police in London, or upon some unforeseen intrusion on board the steamer, it was safer to go tacking about at sea at such distances as could make us be lost sight of till dark.

It was five o'clock. The weather was beautiful, and the sea very calm. I ordered the captain to bear towards Rye at a moderate speed, as we were to be joined by another party coming from that direction. We entered the bay, and remained there a short time. Then we went back, keeping at a considerable distance from the English coast. Then I ordered the engine to be eased, as we wanted to take our break-

fast, and to steer very gently towards the South Foreland.

Up to that moment things seemed to go right enough on board, but my mind was terribly harassed at the momentous disclosure I was about to make to Captain Crow of the ultimate direction of the ship. In my perplexity, which was shared by no one else on board, I stood on the paddle-box watching every movement of the captain, and of the first mate, whom I fancied was not so manageable as the captain himself.

The prince was evidently becoming as nervous as I was respecting the measures the captain would resolve to take on his being made aware of the final destination of the "Edinburgh Castle." The prince wished me to at once disclose to him what we really intended to do. I objected, on the ground that it was too soon. "I must seize a better opportunity," said I; "I do not see my way to it just now."

"I fully rely on you," he said, "to act as you think best." I then ordered the steamer to cross the Channel and make for Cape Grinez. It was getting late. The time was approaching when our fate was to be decided. While I was walking on deck, I distinctly heard the first mate say to the captain, "Why do you allow yourself to be so guided by one of the passengers?" "My instructions are that I am to go wherever I am ordered; I cannot act in opposition to them."

At length the time came when the communication of our purpose to the captain could no longer be delayed; I told Thélin to clear the main cabin at once, as I must have an interview with him which might be a stormy one. I requested the prince to wait for me at the door of the cabin, and to rush down stairs on my coming up from it, as it would be a sign that I had made a clean breast of the matter, and that his presence was indispensable to secure the result.

"My dear captain," said I, "the object for which we chartered this steamer was neither smuggling nor a pleasure trip, but a political demonstration, which, if successful, will probably cause great changes to take place in France. Among the passengers there is one to whom, under the circumstances, I must introduce you" . . . and rushing half-way up stairs, I made a sign to the prince to come down, which he did. The introduction being made, I left the cabin and stood at the door to prevent any one from interrupting the interview between the prince and the captain, which lasted half an hour.

On the prince stepping on deck followed by the captain, he said in a low voice to me, "All right!"

The news that we were going to land on the French coast spread on board like wildfire, both among our own men as well as the crew, without, however, giving rise to anything verging upon excessive surprise or bitter disappointment.

We had still a last, though not least, trial to go through before we could consider ourselves quite safe, namely, the opening of the van, the distribution of the arms, of the uniforms, and the reading of the proclamations, all of which were an unexpected *mise-en-scène* for every one of our men, and for a few of the small circle of the friends of the prince.

The proclamation to the French was first read, and then distributed, and elicited marks of the greatest enthusiasm. In less than half an hour the steamer was strewed with garments of all sorts. As it was dark, there was some difficulty in appropriating to each individual whatever article was intended for him, but this was accomplished. Lights were put out. No light at the mast was allowed — complete silence on board.

#### IV.

##### LANDING AND STRUGGLE.

At three o'clock A.M. of August 6 we were at Wimereux, as near the coast as possible, in two fathoms of water.

The landing began at once, but as we had only one boat on board it took some time to effect it. In the first journey there went on shore Viscount de Querelles and eight men. At their approach two coastguardsmen hallooed to them "*Qui vive?*" De Querelles answered, "A detachment of the 42nd coming from Dunkerque to join the battalion at Boulogne. Through some accident to the engine, the steamer cannot go further."

As all our men were clothed and armed exactly like the French garrisons, the two coastguardsmen welcomed them.

The second journey brought Colonel Voisin, Mésonan, and eight more men. Then landed the prince with General Montholon, Count Persigny, and a few others. This sudden gathering of armed men on the seashore, at such an early hour, did not attract much notice, as I was afraid it would. I was the last to leave the steamer. Before landing, I ordered the captain to go near the harbor, but not to get in until I made him a signal to that effect with a white flag. At five o'clock

we were within fifty yards of the barracks. At the sight of this armed force the sentinel cried "*Qui vive?*" and "To arms!" One of our men, who had been in the army, was sent forward with the watchword, which we knew, while we halted at a distance. This formality having been gone through, the gate of the barracks was thrown open, and the prince, at the head of his friends and followed by his little troop, entered the yard.

The soldiers forming the garrison, were just getting out of their beds. The few who were already down-stairs on different duties were soon made to understand who we were and what we came there for. The name of the prince was familiar to them. These rushed up-stairs to convey to their comrades the news of what was going on, which spread wonderfully quick in every corner of the building. Soldiers looking out of the windows were shouting "*Vive le prince!*" Others were running down-stairs, half-dressed. In less than half an hour every soldier was under arms and formed in battalion. Our little troop was facing it. The prince and his friends stood between the two.

The address of the prince to the soldiers produced the most magic effect. The enthusiasm was immense!

We were about leaving the barracks with the whole battalion, for the purpose of executing in the town the task assigned to us, in accordance with the printed instructions we had received on board, when we heard a great bustle outside. Colonel Voisin had posted sentinels at every corner of the street leading to the barracks, previous to our getting into the building, for the purpose of preventing the officers who were not in the secret of the conspiracy, and who lived in lodgings in the neighborhood of the barracks, from attempting to counterbalance by their presence the effect of that of the prince on the battalion.

This step had to some extent the desired effect; but one of them rushed to Captain Col-Puygellier's house to inform him of what was taking place at the barracks. Without losing a moment the captain put on his uniform, and came right on the first sentinel, who crossed his bayonet on him. Undaunted by this hostile reception, he drew his sword, and dashing through the crowd assembled before the barracks and followed by a few officers who had joined him, forced his way into the middle of the yard, and brandishing his sword, heedless of the resistance opposed to him by our men, succeeded at last in coming in sight



of his battalion. When they saw the danger their captain was in, owing mainly to Lombard unwisely threatening to shoot him dead by pointing a revolver at his head, the soldiers to a man, who had a few minutes before shouted "*Vive le prince! Sortons! sortons!*" (Let us be off! let us be off!), turned against us, crying, "*Vive notre capitaine!*"

Meanwhile General Montholon, addressing Captain Col-Puygellier, said: "Here is Prince Louis Napoleon! Follow us, captain, and you will get anything you like!"

The captain answered, "Prince Louis or not, I do not know you. Napoleon, your predecessor, has overthrown legitimacy, and it is not the right thing for you to attempt vindicating it in this place. Evacuate the barracks at once."

The pressure practised on the captain was frightful.

"Murder me, if you like," said he, "for I will do my duty to the last."

Mercifully, at that momentous juncture, Lieutenant Aladenize, who had been the chief actor in that part of the conspiracy which referred to the battalion, rushed to the rescue of his captain, and, shielding him with his body, said: "I answer for his life! Do not touch him." By so doing he saved Captain Col-Puygellier's life.

It became evident that no resistance could be of any avail. Had the fight begun in the barracks, a terrible catastrophe would have ensued.

Lieutenant Aladenize was mad with despair. He drew his sword and tried to break it in two. Captain Col-Puygellier seized him by the arm and endeavored to detain him, but Aladenize preferred sharing the fate of his friends, and freeing himself from the grasp of the captain, took up his sword and followed the prince out of the barracks, which were shut at once by order of the captain. Then a rush at the cartridge store took place inside the barracks, after which Captain Col-Puygellier ordered the arms to be loaded; but having pledged his word to the prince that he would not pursue him, waited for instructions from the civil authorities.

The prince and his little troop tried to enter the old town. They found the gate closed. We attempted to pull it down, but it resisted our united power.

The failure was complete. The chiefs of the popular movement which were to support the military rising, having surmised, by the non-arrival of the prince on the morning of the fifth, that something had taken place either in London or at sea

which had given a clue to the French authorities, had decamped from the town, and had left the people to take care of themselves. Mons. Forestier, who had reached Boulogne late on the fifth, bringing the news that the prince would land on the sixth, could not communicate with any of them.

The only one he saw was Lieutenant Aladenize, who, knowing Captain Col-Puygellier was to be in town next day, prophesied an unfavorable issue to the undertaking.

Nothing else was possible but to endeavor to save the prince. We directed our steps towards the Column with a view to reach the shore on that side and to seize the first boat at hand for the prince to step in, and make for the steamer.

It is impossible to give an idea of the state of mind the prince was in. He grasped the iron railings round the Column with such vigor that many of us were required to force him to let go his hold, so determined was he to be killed. We took him on our shoulders and carried him down the cliff, not without the greatest difficulty. Meanwhile we could hear the drums beating "*la générale*" in every part of the town, calling to arms the National Guard.

I then gave the signal to the "Edinburgh Castle" to come near the shore. As she did not answer it, I inferred that she was already seized by the authorities and under their control.

At last we reached the sea. On the sand we found a small boat. The prince was still opposing the greatest resistance. Time was precious. The ridges of the cliffs were already covered with gendarmes, followed by the National Guard. The soldiers of the 42nd Regiment had been kept shut up in the barracks, and only made use of after the prince was arrested. The work of the pursuers, and killing us, was left to the National Guards and to the gendarmes. The former behaved like savages. The firing soon began from the height of the hill, and increased as they were coming near us. We could hear the whistling of the bullets, but not one of us had been hit yet. The prince at last got into the boat with Colonel Voisin and Count Persigny and Galvani — Ornano and I were pushing to make her float, which we did not succeed in doing, owing to her being overloaded. Seeing that, Colonel Voisin jumped into the sea to join his exertions with ours to bring the boat into deep water; this was done in a few seconds. On seeing the

boat leaving the shore, the National Guards opened a brisker fire upon us. Ornano and I lay flat on the sand watching the boat, as we hoped, getting safely off, when we heard two dreadful screams proceeding from her. Galvani and Colonel Voisin had been wounded, Galvani in the right hip and Colonel Voisin had the elbow of his left arm completely shattered. Both were powerful, heavy men. The pain must have been excruciating, as they caused the boat to capsize, which made the prince and his friends disappear under her. Here the prince and his friends had a most miraculous escape, for scarcely had the boat turned bottom upwards than a sharp discharge of musketry, evidently directed on the same point, cut open the bottom of the boat, fracturing the keel into match-wood.

Had not the boat capsized, death must have been inevitable for the prince and his friends.

Presently we saw Colonel Voisin and Galvani struggling for life, and calling for help. Ornano and I swam to Colonel Voisin's assistance, while two other men went to save Galvani. Both were brought on shore. We stopped the bleeding of the elbow with a handkerchief. The firing had ceased after the boat had capsized. The prince and Count Persigny were still under water. We felt anxious, when suddenly both appeared again at a considerable distance from the shore, swimming towards the "Edinburgh Castle." At the sight of the prince trying to escape by getting on board the steamer, the National Guards began firing again at him as they were coming down the cliffs. It was a miracle that the prince was not hit. At last, as he was reaching the steamer (which was already in the hands of the Boulogne authorities), a boat with several officials coming out of the harbor cut off his retreat, and the prince and Count Persigny had consequently no chance of escape. They surrendered, were made prisoners, and taken to the Vieux Château, at which place all those were confined who could be discovered and arrested. We had to deplore the death of two of our friends, M. Faure and M. d'Hunin, a Pole, the brother of the Bishop of Posen. The former was shot in the neck, the latter was found floating under the pier, frightfully wounded. The only one who succeeded in making his escape was Viscount de Querelles, who was fortunate enough to find refuge in a humble cottage, and through the disguise of a sailor crossed the channel in the

night, and arrived in London to convey the sad news of our defeat.

The few days which followed the seizure of the steamer, and the arrest of every one who could be found connected with the expedition, were passed by the Boulogne judicial authorities in examining and cross-examining Captain Crow and the English crew about what they had seen, surmised, known, or suspected to be our object, and also to ascertain from them what was the part played on board by all the party, especially as regarded the directions given to the steamer.

One morning we were all brought together in a room (the prince excepted). Captain Crow, and Fisher, the first mate, were requested to look at every one of us, and to see if among the number they could distinguish the person who gave the orders for the direction between Ramsgate and Wimereux. As I expected, both came up to me, and pointed me as the man whose orders they were directed to execute.

The preliminary judicial formalities having been completed at Boulogne, the prince was conveyed to Paris to be tried by the Court of Peers. A few days after his departure all those who had not been set at liberty by the Boulogne authorities were sent to Paris, and lodged *au secret* at the Préfecture de Police.

There we remained for two months. At last the day for our trial arrived. The sentences passed by the Court of Peers appointed by royal decree of August 9, 1840, to sit as a court of justice, were — for the prince and Lieutenant Aladenize, imprisonment for life, the former in the fortress of Ham; for General Montholon, Count Persigny, Colonel Parquin, Colonel Voisin, Commander Mésonan, imprisonment for twenty years; for myself and others, imprisonment for five years.

Thus ended the adventurous Boulogne expedition, against which so much has been said by friends and foes, on the bare evidence of what little has been known respecting the means by which the great end was to be attained.

Judging the enterprise as an historical matter of fact, irrespective of all moral considerations, it is not unreasonable to suppose that had the prince been able to reach St. Omer with the four hundred men of Boulogne, matters would have taken quite a different turn, because Lille with her garrison of fifteen thousand men was near at hand. The whole undertaking hinged on our being successful at Bou-

logne, namely, on our arriving there on the 5th instead of the 6th of August, when we were no more expected to arrive, and people had lost confidence in the reports of the prince's agents.

However conflicting, ridiculous, or exaggerated may be the remarks of party spirit, the culminating fact which history will record is that the wonderful career of the prince and his advent to the supreme power was conspicuously affected by two enterprises, which, however wildly conceived, served to keep his name before France, and to stir the popular heart regarding him.

Prince Louis Napoleon proved his prophecy to be true: "*Farriverai, de chute en chute.*"

JOSEPH ORSI.

#### A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### MY LORD.

THE Château Arnaud garden had not kept even as much pretension to be called a garden as the pleasure-grounds around madame's house at La Roquette. There were a few traces of past grandeur, but utility had long since asserted its supremacy over ornament. Stately terraces and parterres had had their spaces invaded year after year by corn, and vines, and lucerne, till there was nothing to distinguish them from the adjoining field, but here and there a flight of broken, lichen-crusted, marble steps, or an armless statue, or mutilated fountain-basin, which some flowering gourd, or climbing bean-stalk, was making gay and useful at the same time.

Madame de Florimel, in her morning costume, was quite equal to the task of threading her way among the vine and vegetable patches, without any help of gravelled paths, and found amusement enough in prying into their promise of fruitfulness for the summer, but Alma soon grew weary of following and listening.

Long before Wynyard made his appearance outside, she had found out the only seat the place afforded. A massy-carved stone bench, under a Judas-tree at the lowest point of the garden, where the inevitable château pond still existed and nourished its army of green frogs. It may

well have been some patched and powdered pre-Revolution beauty, who last, before Alma, sat lazily on that bench in the working hours of a spring morning, waiting for a lazy lover to come to her, and who watched the glowing Judas blossoms overhead, and the green slopes stretching upwards towards a blue sky in front, with as little heed to their beauty as Alma had to give them to-day.

She could not understand Wynyard's long delay in coming out to tell her the news which he surely must have learned by this time. A thousand doubts and misgivings tortured her mind, and made that lovely spring morning, the morning after her betrothal to the man she loved, a time of torment instead of joy. Is one never to be quite happy, she kept asking herself—is the prospect of success beyond all one's hopes, really worse to bear, because of the deadly anxiety it brings, than disappointment? She had been reading her father's letter aloud to her mother just before she left the house, and its tone of taking for granted that life was going on as usual with them, had worked her up into a state of unreasonable impatience and irritability. It was a long, chatty letter, but there was, from first to last, no allusion in it to Lord Anstice's death, or to Wynyard's changed fortunes. Either her father had not yet heard Constance's news, or he did not believe it, or he passed it over as less likely to affect her and her mother than details about the poor circumstances in which the West children were left by their father's death. Then came the dreaded Kirkman name, and how hard Alma had found it to read aloud the sentence in which it occurred, without faltering or changing countenance!

"I found Horace Kirkman waiting at the house for me when I returned from Saville Street last night. He seemed anxious, and complained bitterly of not having heard anything from any of us for many days. Tell Alma, I think, considering all the circumstances, she ought to write to Mrs. Kirkman, if not to Horace. She must at all events *not* leave the young man on my hands. I have a great deal too much business upon me just now, public and private, to be complicated with a lover's grievances."

Clearly Alma would get no help from her father in extricating herself from her difficulties in that quarter, though as she remembered, with some bitterness, it was, more than anything else, a word from him that had led her to involve herself with the Kirkmans. If he had not given his

support to that intimacy, how much fewer thorns would be in their paths now! And yet again, was it possible that Constance's news might be a mistake after all? Had young Lawrence brought her a hasty report which had received contradiction before her father arrived in London? Were those letters now lying under the cut corks in Madame Mabilles's commode merely proofs of some magazine article, about whose mysterious miscarriage she might have to hear conjectures through years to come?

Alma's face and figure stiffened into an attitude of weary despondency as this supposition confirmed itself in her mind by many circumstances of Wynyard's conduct last night and this morning. Her enthusiasm of yesterday, when she had longed to sacrifice everything for love, deserted her when the possibility of being called upon to do so presented itself as close at hand. She could see nothing but irony in the fate which brought her to take the unprosperous lot at the moment when she had forfeited all claim to inward self-approval for the choice. She must in this case face the Kirkmans' displeasure, without any gilding of success to blind people's eyes in judging her, and bear her mother's disappointment, unsupported by a sound conscience, or by that free-hearted enjoyment of her lover's gratitude, which might have been hers if she had honestly deserved it. Outwardly and inwardly her prospects looked black every way. She had lost her self-respect, and gained nothing.

During a pause in counting her artichokes, Madame de Florimel turned round to look at Alma's motionless figure on the garden seat, and wondered at her apathy. She hardly looked handsome this morning, madame thought, when all animation was banished from her face, and with such an air of indifference, if not of gloom in her attitude. One could no longer feel surprised that she should have a younger sister married before herself, for the sight of one such fit of abstraction would be enough to frighten away from any man the wish to make her his companion for life. With this conclusion, madame was going back to her artichokes when she saw Wynyard come out of the house, and look round the garden as if in search of some one. She beckoned him to come and join her, and when his eye persistently looked over her head towards the bench at the bottom of the garden, where Alma was seated, she left her spud sticking in the mould, and hastened up the hill to intercept him.

Madame could not bear to lose her last chance of getting a sympathetic listener that morning.

Alma saw the meeting between the two, and interpreted all the little signs afforded by their looks and gestures, as they stood talking together, with anxious heart-throbs. Was it an ordinary conversation about the artichokes and the weather that kept them standing face to face so long on the slope of the hill, or was Wynyard telling his cousin *that* news?

They turned at last to come down the hill, talking as they came — and now madame's hand is on Wynyard's arm, and her face has a startled expression, while his is very grave. The nearer they approached the bench the stronger grew Alma's hopes that no ordinary topic occupied them. Ah! they pause again close to the Judas-tree to shake hands. Madame is looking up at Wynyard with a glance of proud satisfaction that makes Alma's face glow, and changes the fear she has been feeling into a new dread — a dread lest, when the supreme moment of hearing comes, as it must do immediately, she should show too little surprise at the long-expected news, or too much triumph. Scraps of conversation reach her ears when they move on again.

"Poor Mrs. Anstice!" madame is saying, "no, Wynyard, I don't forget her grief, though I acknowledge that my first thought was of you. I am myself a mother; I know what her desolation must be. Poor woman! I will not say a single word against your leaving me at once to go to her; and indeed there are other friends whom at such a crisis in your life, you will be anxious to see at once. May I not say, another friend?"

But Wynyard's eye had caught Alma's by this time, and he did not wait to hear the end of madame's sentence. He hurried forward, his face glowing with sudden emotion, and taking Alma's hands in both his, he raised her from the seat, so that they stood together before Madame de Florimel.

"I have another piece of news to tell you this morning," he began, "of even deeper importance to me than the last, of which Miss Rivers, as yet, knows nothing. You must congratulate me without any reservation this time. Yesterday Miss Rivers and I came to the happy ending of a long wooing, and it is two betrothed people you see before you this morning. You will give us your blessing before any more is said, won't you?"

There was a moment's profound and

embarrassing silence, during which an energetic green frog, croaking in blind forgetfulness of the daylight, and a cicala, half way up the Judas-tree, had the throbbing ears of two anxious auditors all to themselves. Then, madame, her keen grey eyes pitilessly fixed on Alma's face, said interrogatively:—

"And Miss Rivers knows nothing as yet of what you told me, while we were walking down the garden?"

"Nothing whatever," said Wynyard. "I did not know it myself till after we parted last night. Pray don't let us frighten her by growing mysterious."

He felt Alma's hand tremble and twitch within his own, but he closed his fingers over it and held it firmly, avoiding another look into her face, lest he should increase her agitation, which he tried not to think more overwhelming than the occasion called for.

"Well, then, I will go back to my artichokes, and leave you to tell what will not frighten her, I am sure. It is not news of that sort which makes young ladies take fright at their betrothal."

"And you congratulate us," persisted Wynyard. "Come, madame, you are not going to turn crusty with me on the morning when I bring you such tidings as this. You will have to promise to visit us in England now, and look at the place where your primrose roots were dug from. You must bring Joseph Marie to study English farming under my uncle's old tenants."

"I am too old for such a journey, and I would not expose either myself or Joseph Marie to ridicule," said madame, shortly. "As for congratulations—yes, Wynyard, I congratulate you as heartily as I can congratulate your mother's son on an engagement. You must really forgive me if recollections of past times make my manner less cordial than I could wish it to be. In an hour or two, perhaps, by the time Miss Rivers has recovered from the shock you are about to give her, my ideas will have arranged themselves, and I shall be equal to speaking as I ought. Meanwhile, I had better, ungracious as the suggestion may sound, see what can be done to hasten your departure, since you are determined, you say, to start in an hour's time."

Madame turned away, and Wynyard led Alma back to the seat under the Judas-tree, and placed himself by her side.

For another minute or two the duet between the green frog and the cicala was the only audible sound in the garden.

Wynyard, who had passed his arm round

Alma's waist, felt that her heart was beating wildly under his hand, and her agitation affected him with the chill of reserve. He almost dreaded to end the suspense lest her fear should be succeeded by a burst of relief or joy that would jar upon his present mood.

"Why should she," he jealously asked himself, "care so agonizingly for anything beyond what was settled yesterday?"

"Well, dearest," he said, at last, "I don't know what keeps us silent, for there is a great deal to be said, and only an hour to say it in. Why won't you look at me this morning? Are you angry with me for leaving you so long alone, or have you partly guessed what I have to tell you? I think madame's talk and manner must have suggested the news to your mind. Can you not guess what has happened?"

"No, no," Alma whispered breathlessly; "tell me. I cannot guess. I could not bear to guess."

"You are right," he said. "Yes, I should be sorry if you had thought of it. It is too sad and terrible a thing to come lightly into one's mind, and I am forgetting that a few hours have already made it familiar to me, so callous, so full of ourselves are we. I think you only saw my cousin, Ralph Anstice, two or three times; the last time was at Constance's wedding. You will be greatly shocked to hear that I have had news of his death. He died quite suddenly, a week ago, and but for our being out of the region of letters, I should have heard sooner. Poor fellow! I wish you had known him better, that you might help me to remember him as affectionately as his kindness for me deserves."

There was a long pause. Alma could not bring herself to utter an exclamation of surprise or to ask a question about the manner of that death which had constantly been in her thoughts for four days; and when Wynyard, impatient at last, took her chin between his finger and thumb, and turned her face towards himself, he was surprised to see how white it was, even to the lips.

"My darling," he cried, kissing her tenderly, "I did not know that you would feel this so deeply. I ought not to have told you without more preparation. How good and tender-hearted you are, thinking only of the sorrowfulness of this event, and not at all of how it affects ourselves."

"No, not so," cried Alma, wrenching her face away from his touch, with a gesture that was almost fierce. "I wish you would not interpret my feelings for me. I can't bear you to do that; I never could,



you know. Let me alone to think and feel in my own way, the only way in which I can feel."

Then, seeing his surprise, she made a great effort to control herself, and added, in a calmer tone, —

"I wish you would tell me more about what has happened. Never mind what I am feeling. What does that signify? No one, not even you, can understand that. Tell me the whole of what you have heard, and how your poor young cousin came to be drowned."

"Well," he said, without noticing the word "drowned," which struck him with a stupid surprise that he let pass for the moment, "if you think it reasonable to expect me to remain satisfied with not understanding your feelings or having any share in them, I will try to go on; or stay, as we seem to have stumbled into a mood of cross-purposes, I will give you young Lawrence's letter to read, and leave you for a little while to think over it alone. I can't keep away long though, for I must start for England in another hour; and surely we have, or ought to have, a great deal to say to each other this morning, Alma. Shall I go and find Lady Rivers; she must be expecting me, and I owe her an explanation for yesterday, don't I?"

"Not yet," said Alma; "I have not told her yet. Yes, Wynyard, go away for a little while, and come back when I have read the letter."

He turned away from her, walked a few paces beyond the Judas-tree, and crossing his arms on the low stone wall that divided the garden from the next field, he stood for some minutes watching the progress of a string of migratory caterpillars across the grass, determined not to let his mind fasten on any of the particulars of Alma's conduct, so as to stray into suspicion or discontent at her behavior on this first morning of feeling her his own. She had taken him generously when he had little to give, and now that the worldly advantages lay all on his side, it would be churlish indeed to begin reckoning up the more or the less love she was likely to give in return for them.

In a shorter time than seemed necessary to read through the letters he had given her, Alma beckoned him back to the seat under the Judas-tree. Lawrence's letter lay folded in her lap, her hands crossed over it. She had only read one sentence, the sentence in which Lawrence mentioned his visit to Constance, and it was with a great effort she now turned a wistful glance at Wynyard's face, dreading,

yet longing to read his thought. Could he have taken in that part of the letter, and yet be so stupid, or so loyal, as not to doubt her in the least?

"Well," he said, taking her hand, and smiling in answer to her questioning look, "do we want a fresh introduction to each other, dear, or what? Is an unexpected inheritance such a very alarming thing that you can't recollect anything else about me than that? Not, for instance, that I am going away in an hour, and that it will be a week or two before we shall sit together again?"

She colored, and left her hand passive in his, but the anxious expression remained on her face. Difficulty after difficulty, which her previous knowledge of Lord Anstice's death would surely bring her into, occurred to her busy mind, and crowded out all the tender and loving thoughts that would have been natural to the occasion.

"There are some things that I can't bear," she exclaimed, vehemently, after a long silence.

"So long as you don't tell me that I am one —" Wynyard interrupted.

She shook her head.

"No, no, I am in earnest; you must let me speak."

"And you must let me say first that from to-day you shall never, if I can help it, have anything to do with these unbearable things, unless indeed," he added, playfully, "I am one of them, which I shall begin to think, if you won't look at me."

"No, no — oh, Wynyard, it is hard enough for me to say this without looking. What I feel I can't bear this morning is the being left here with mamma after you are gone, to hear all that Madame de Florimel will say about our engagement, and my mother's talk when this news is broken to her. How little Madame de Florimel and she will understand each other! How grieved I should be if madame should guess the difference that —"

"Poor Ralph's death makes in your mother's estimation of me as a son-in-law, in fact," said Wynyard, concluding the sentence over which she hesitated.

"You must not blame poor mamma for that."

"And I do not, dearest. It is very natural, and you may depend on my burying all recollection of old slights, and taking the future complaisance, I suppose I may reckon on, in good part, for your sake. You have made all that easy to me. While I have the recollection of our yesterday's walk by the river to prove that you took

me for myself, what care I for other people's way of looking at me? Alma, you don't know how precious it is to me that your yielding came first. Nay, give me one of your own frank smiles at last, dearest, and let me read in your eyes the same thankfulness with which my heart overflows. I suppose I am naturally of a jealous temper, and the experiences of my first reverse of fortune have embittered me. If you had not shown me the truth and constancy of your heart yesterday, I might, I don't say I should, but I might have been so mad as never to have sought to learn it."

She tried to give him the response he asked for, but there was far more shame than joy in the tear-filled eyes, and on the trembling lips she raised to his face. Even while he kissed the tears away, a bitter impatience against his persistent dwelling on her disinterestedness, as a chief claim to his love, gnawed at her heart. She soon drew herself away from him.

"I must go to mamma," she said, "for I think you mean to let me do as I wish, and leave the château this morning, and our preparations must be begun at once. Mamma did not sleep well last night, and does not find herself comfortable in this tumble-down old house, which, she says, is full of strange noises. She will catch at the idea of escape when I tell her that you are going, and that we may make this an excuse for taking the carriage on to Aix les Bains at once, instead of resting here. You must make the best excuse for us you can to Madame de Florimel. I don't think she will be very sorry to miss our company as things stand now."

Wynyard found madame impenetrable, and disposed to be sarcastic, and though sorry to part with her in such a mood, he was on the whole relieved that no further opportunity was given him for explanations or remonstrances that might have become embarrassing. He did not want to have Emmie West's name brought into the talk between them, and was still less disposed to receive further enlightenment as to Madame de Florimel's reasons for the distrust of Alma, which she hardly restrained within bounds of polite willingness to "speed a parting guest."

However, Madame de Florimel's manner softened at the last moment when the carriage was packed, and Wynyard came back from placing Alma in it, to repeat his hope that his cousin would be persuaded to visit Leigh some early day after he had taken up his abode there. Her eyes, which had been quite dry hitherto, sud-

denly filled with tears as she wrung his hand a second time.

"I am an old fool," she said, "and one would think I was twenty instead of sixty, to be ready, as I was a minute ago, to quarrel with the single member I have left of my own family, connecting me with my old English home, just from the feeling of partisanship with—well, we won't say whose cause. I suppose as long as there are young people in the world I care for, I shall want to have a finger in arranging their love affairs for them, and be bitter against them when they shut their eyes to their own good. I was made so—and yes, after all the disappointments I have seen, I should have liked luck in the shape of a true love to have come into the old house at last; but there, you are your mother's own son, Wynyard, and I don't know that you deserve better fortune in that way than the rest of us."

Here Alma called from the carriage, and Madame de Florimel, releasing Wynyard's hand, turned to mount the shallow, winding steps, leading to the upper story of the old house. With the vanishing of her slim, upright figure the place all at once lost its aristocratic air, and sank down into a mere little wayside inn, with wine-carts and wood-waggons thronging the back regions, and a buzz of country business about the tree-shaded front door.

Wynyard could almost have fancied that a dream had vanished suddenly, and that all the emotions of the last twenty-four hours would pass away with it. A conviction of the reality of his own new importance came back to him, however, as soon as he was seated in the carriage and the bustle of the departure was over. Lady Rivers's "altered eye," and the eager, deferential gesture with which she made room for him to sit by her side was as potent as a proclamation of heralds to impress his new rank on his consciousness. A real earl, and one of the richest in England, whom she had perhaps lost for her daughter through lack of fore-knowledge of what was about to happen—good heavens, could one be humble and repentant enough! The trembling fingers she laid on his arm to keep him near her when, in dread of what was coming, Wynyard drew back and muttered something about changing places with Ward on the box, had a volume of deprecation and eager apology in their clinging touch, and they could not be shaken off while Alma looked on. He had to resign himself to the front seat, and to listening to an avalanche of congratulations, explanations,

flatteries, false coloring of past events, in endless repetitions, which flowed on through the whole day's drive, and broke out again, *à propos* of some new topic, as often as he thought he had quenched them by turning the conversation to non-personal matters.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## MAGNA EST VERITAS.

It is strange how soon when one phase of life is irrevocably broken up, breaking, as we may say, hearts with it, the shattered elements arrange themselves in a new order. The revolving wheel of moments, hours, days, moves on a little more or less smoothly, but taking up the old tune, and carrying us forward to ends which by-and-by engage our thoughts with almost the same intensity as did those that we have had to abandon forever.

During the first weeks after her husband's death Mrs. West could hardly have believed that she should ever again set her heart strongly on an earthly good; that any plan of life would be personally very preferable to her beyond another when he, on whom all her anxiety had so long been fixed, had passed out of her sight. It was not very long, however, not a month after the funeral, before a new hope began to grow up in her mind, and shed an unexpected light on the dark future. When Sir Francis made his hasty evening visits to talk over her affairs, and sat, provokingly business-like, with papers spread before him, making dismal calculations which always had the same poverty-stricken results, she would sit by, dry-eyed and acquiescent: she listened to his plans in a half-dreamy way as to something quite remote from herself and her children, fixing her thoughts all the while on the young sprouts of that new hope which each day seemed to render stronger and more beautiful. Emmie go out as governess in a family, recommended by Mrs. Kirkman — the two younger boys be sent away to a cheap, distant boarding-school, while she and Mildie settled in a lodge cottage at the gates of the Riveres' country-house to nurse their poverty in the sight of the other family's riches! If it had been the will of God, of course one could walk through such a valley of humiliation, thankful for shelter and food and such scraps of kindness from one's prosperous relatives as might come, if — but here Mrs. West always smiled faintly to herself, and looked across the room at Emmie. She thought she knew for certain that this valley of

humiliation was not God's will for her and her children, — nor Dr. Urquhart's.

There had not been a single word said. Dr. Urquhart came less frequently than formerly into the rooms the Wests continued to occupy, he was apparently afraid of intruding upon them now that the entire house had passed into his ownership. Emmie, too, was less often invited to spend an evening in the "Land of Beulah," and when an invitation came she generally excused herself, and sent delighted Mildie to study the microscope and read the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in her stead.

Mrs. West could not make out that her eldest daughter and Dr. Urquhart had ever had more than five minutes' conversation since Emmie's return from abroad; and yet the secret hope grew and grew, and was the ever-widening foundation on which all her plans for the future were built. Was it an electric glance of sympathy exchanged between the two mothers that had conveyed this certainty to Mrs. West, or was it some still more subtle inflowing of knowledge, such as will sometimes pass between persons interested in the same object, when a strong hope exists in one resolute heart? No one knew how much Emmie read the thoughts and hopes of which she was thus made the passive centre. Nothing had been said, scarcely anything looked, a kind of lull and hush of expectation pervaded the house.

Uncle Rivers came and went, and talked about another quarter-day being close at hand, and brought measurements of the rooms in the cottage, and even patterns of wall-papers for Mrs. West to choose from, but no one showed any interest in these things. Even old Mary Anne went on with the summer cleaning of her kitchen, as if she had no more idea of ever moving out than she had had any time this last twenty years.

July stole away, and now it was the end of August. Uncle Rivers would be leaving London in another ten days or so, and yet no one seemed in a hurry to settle anything. Emmie had a little fit of impatience sometimes, and felt a longing to struggle against this quiet onflowing of the days, as if the hours as they slipped by were weaving a spell round her which would become too strong for resistance if she did not rise up against it soon. She exhaled this impatience chiefly in solitary paces up and down the deserted attic rooms, and in short fits of tears when she could find a few safe minutes for weeping, without fear of provoking after remark. Any talk might have brought the suspense

to an end, and Emmie did not feel ready for that yet. When Mrs. West, during the interviews with Uncle Rivers, looked across the room at her with a confiding smile on her lip which had more of appeal in it than the most moving words, Emmie kept her eyes safely glued to her work. Her heart swelled and her lips and eyelids trembled just to give the answering glance that was implored from her, but she restrained herself. An answering smile just then would mean so much, involve such a large promise — her whole life — and she could not take it back if she had offered it to her mother by so much only as a smile. Something withheld her constantly from giving that silent pledge.

Mrs. Urquhart meanwhile was more content with Emmie than she had been on her return home. Confidence is contagious, and sanguine-tempered people fall easily into the hopes of those they love, even against their better judgment, and Mrs. Urquhart had come to see all her son's arrangements with regard to the West family in such an amiable light that she could not help expecting them to come about sooner or later. Perhaps Emmie's coyness in the matter of her son's wooing was not altogether so displeasing in reality as in theory it would have been. Mrs. Urquhart began to regard it as a decent diffidence to accept an undeserved honor, and to value Emmie all the more for her discerning humility. Emmie felt the silent pressure of expectation even more strongly in Mrs. Urquhart's presence than in her mother's, and was obliged to watch opportunities for flights to the attic past the open drawing-room door, feeling it now an entrance into the stronghold of her enemies, instead of the gate to the heavenly hills as it had formerly been. From the Land of Beulah to the remotest kitchen regions the same oppressive atmosphere pervaded the house, the same anxious expectant looks were turned upon her, claiming from her something that she was not able to give — wealth from an empty purse, water from a vessel which had been drained to its last drop.

It was only in the deserted attics, from which Christabel's easel and Katharine's desk had been long since sent away, that Emmie was able to breathe and think freely. She had all her life been better at feeling than at reasoning, and the problem rose before her in all sorts of confused and confusing forms, and had to be settled and re-settled on very different counts each day. There were remorseful impulses which urged her towards the solu-

tion that would win her mother's gratitude, and put a happy termination to the family difficulties. "What was her own life," she sometimes asked herself, "compared to the good of all the others?" If she could make any one happy, she who had made so great a mistake as to give her heart too hastily, why should she not do what she could? She knew she should feel deep gratitude to any one who would love her and she might love again, in a way, by-and-by. What really withheld her was an instinct of honesty and purity, rather than any counter-reasoning against this specious appearance of duty that so often presented itself.

When, one day, Mildie put into words this secret instinct, it came upon Emmie almost as a new truth, bringing unexpected strength and light. Mildie was a frequent visitor to the empty attics, for Katharine had left her a legacy of old schoolbooks, too dilapidated to bear a second packing. When she found Emmie there she generally made a great show of not taking any notice of her, and settled herself ostentatiously with her Greek grammar in her lap and her face turned to the wall against which her treasures were piled and began to repeat "τύπρω, τύπτεις, τυπτεί," under her breath.

It was a grievance to Emmie to have her solitary retreat invaded, and yet perhaps she received some bracing influence from the sight of that square-set, resolute figure crouched in the dust, and murmuring monotonous words over and over in a tone that had a subdued relish about it; and one day Mildie found an opportunity of speaking a word or two that acted like a healthy wind in clearing Emmie's atmosphere. Mildie had borrowed a volume of Urquhart's *Encyclopædia*, and, presuming basely on the complaisance with which the whole family were treated (for learning may as well get its little bit of advantage out of love follies when it can), carried it up into the attic for thorough enjoyment. On coming suddenly into the room she found Emmie standing by a table on which the book lay open, apparently reading a page. Could Emmie have taken such a sensible turn as to be reading the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by way of comfort? Alas! no. A second glance assured Mildie that she was not reading but — oh, sacrilege — crying over the beautiful, creamy, double-margined page, actually letting slow tears fall one by one on the book itself! Mildie's exclamation of horror sent Emmie, penitent and shamefaced, to the window to wipe her tears

away, and Mildie, after tenderly performing the same office for the insulted book, propped her elbows on the table and read, on the tear-wet leaf, "the history of the edible green frog," over which Emmie had been weeping so profusely. When she had satisfied her thirst for knowledge, she began to wonder a little about these tears, whose traces would always distinguish the frog's biography from that of every other reptile in the volume. As she mused, piecing together little links of past observations, and arriving swiftly at a conclusion by true, inductive method, a fire kindled within her, and she spoke out, taking care to make her words distinct enough for Emmie to hear, without turning her head round.

"If I were you," she began, resolving to avoid any mention of names that might be too startling for Emmie's modesty, "If I were you, I should just tell *him* the whole truth. It is the only fair thing to do, however much it might vex him, and in fact bother us all, just now. Oh, yes, I know it will be bad enough for mamma and every one; I know I shall hate living in that cottage close to the Riverses horridly enough, unless Mrs. Kirkman's cousin would have the sense to take me for a governess instead of you. However, it's not *me* that's of consequence, and you are thinking, I know, that you are of no consequence either, and that you ought to do what is best for mamma and the children, without considering yourself. But look here, Emmie, you *must* tell him the whole truth. I can't put it any better, but it seems to me that it would be such a mean thing to take the *Encyclopædia* and the house and everything that he has, and himself too, as far as that goes, and — well — not to tell him the whole truth. He might marry you if he liked afterwards, you know. But I don't think," fixing her eyes on the tear-blister, "that he would. Why should he? What would be the use of marrying a person to make her unhappy, and have her crying over his best books? No, Emmie, dear, don't begin to cry again; I've done now, and I don't want you to speak a word to me ever about it, but just remember, there's one person in the family who will always stand up for you if you will speak the truth, and I'll go and be governess to Mrs. Kirkman's cousin instead of you, if that will make it any easier."

Mildie shut the *Encyclopædia*, and marched off without waiting for an answer, but when she and Emmie met again at the dining-room door just before tea-time,

Emmie surprised her by stooping down and kissing her cheek softly as they entered the room together.

After tea Emmie took the wall-paper patterns from the chimney-piece, and began to turn them over, and ask her mother's and Harry's opinion as to which pattern would best match with the old furniture, and make the little cottage parlor look most homelike.

"Roses. Had not Uncle Rivers said there were roses on the trellis outside — monthly roses that peeped in at the windows all the year round." Emmie's voice shook as she pronounced the word "roses" the first time, but it grew stronger as she went on talking, and though Mrs. West took out her pocket-handkerchief and could not bring herself to say that the rosebud pattern was at all pretty, the subject had been broached, and when bed-time came everybody felt that an important step towards settling the family affairs had been taken that evening.

When a current of feeling sets definitely towards a certain course it generally happens that succeeding events are found to bring new forces to sustain and swell it. Thus it happened to Emmie that the very day after she had made her first feeble effort, an unexpectedly strong support in the resolution she had taken, came to her. There was a letter waiting for her on the breakfast-table when she came down-stairs next morning, whose appearance startled her as much as the sight of a full-blown rose in an open garden during a snow-storm, or the face of a person who had been dead a year. One is never in a hurry to open a letter that arrives very long after it is due, when all hope and expectation about it have died down into ashes in one's heart. An untimely comer like that is sure to bring renewal of pain, and had best be faced with deliberation. With this conviction Emmie put the letter into her pocket and left it there while she despatched the various items of household business that fell to her share now in the mornings. Later in the day she took it up to Air Throne, to read it where no eyes were upon her. It was a short letter, dashed off, she felt, by instinct, in a mood where resolution was mixed in some sort with impatience and pain.

"MY DEAR MISS WEST, — Will you believe, I wonder, that the recollection of a letter of yours, left unanswered, has been a standing grievance and remorse to me for many months? Why did I not answer it, you will ask. Well, chiefly because I



thought I had no right to impose on you the task of keeping a secret which I must have told you if I had written, and which a person, whose equal concern it is, had decided to keep silence upon for a while. My tongue is loosened now, and I will tell you at once that I am engaged, have been engaged for four months, to your cousin, Alma Rivers, and that we shall probably be married very shortly after her return to England in September. The wedding will be in London; but Lady Rivers is coming with her daughter to Leigh for a short visit first, and I am trying to persuade Madame de Florimel to meet them there, and remain to stand by me on the great day. Up to the present moment, I am sorry to say, she remains obstinate against leaving her vineyards at La Roquette to ripen without the help of her watching. This is all preliminary to the real object of my letter, which I find must after all be entered upon bluntly, if entered upon at all. I am guilty towards you in another matter than that of the long unanswered letter, and I have reflected that since, if I had injured or misled a man in a small thing or a great, I should owe it to him to acknowledge my fault in so many words, I owe the same openness to you, though in matters of feeling between men and women such outspokenness is not, I believe, usual. I think it ought to be. If I blunder in writing this and make my fault worse, forgive me. It is written in utter reverence for your sincerity and purity of nature; from a conviction that with such as you, truth never rankles as does falsehood or misunderstanding. Let us face the truth together then. I made a mistake last spring

in letting you see feelings which, though very real at the time, were hasty and awakened during a misconception of the position in which I stood towards another person. What I have to say is, don't let your belief in truth and sincerity, or above all, in your own worth be lessened through my fault. I submit that I ought to be lowered in your estimation, you cannot suppose my esteem for you greater than it is, and the false coloring came through me. I know your disposition to undervalue yourself, and I also know from past experience how prone we 'air people' are when the light of life happens to burn low to translate everything into excuses for self-torture and self-contempt. That is why I have ventured on a confession of sins which may perhaps make it clearer to you than your humility would otherwise allow, on whose shoulders the blame of our spoilt spring memories falls. When the shadow has quite passed away from them, we shall meet on the friendly old footing. Meanwhile I have had a long letter from my friend Casabianca, and I am glad to find that he has sensible views upon the rabbit-warrens at Leigh, and considers that next Christmas holidays will be a suitable season for his introduction to their numerous population; we shall perhaps be able to persuade your mother to journey northwards earlier than that. You see I count so certainly on your forgiveness that I look forward to being received as a useful cousin by all the members of your family by-and-by.

"Always yours,

"WYNARD ANSTICE."

THE BLACK MILDEW OF WALLS. — *Apropos* of an observation by Professor Paley regarding the cause of the blackness of St. Paul's, which he attributed mainly to the growth of a lichen, Professor Leidy recently stated to the Philadelphia Academy that his attention was called a number of years ago to a similar black appearance on the brick walls and granite work of houses in narrow, shaded streets, especially in the vicinity of the Delaware River. Noticing a similar blackness on the bricks above the windows of a brewery, from which there was a constant escape of watery vapor, in a more central portion of the city, he was led to suspect it was of vegetable nature. On examination, the black mildew proved to be an alga, closely allied to what he supposed

to be the *Protococcus viridis*, which gives the bright green color to the trunks of trees, fences, and walls, mostly on the more shaded and northern side, everywhere in that neighborhood. Professor Leidy thinks it may be the same plant in a different state, but, until proved to be so, he proposes to distinguish it by the name of *Protococcus lugubris*. It consists of minute round or oval cells, isolated or in pairs, or in groups of four, the result of division; or it occurs in short irregular chains of four or more cells up to a dozen, occasionally with a lateral offset of two or more cells. The cells by transmitted light seem of a brownish or olive-brownish hue. In mass, the alga appears to the naked eye as an intensely black powder.